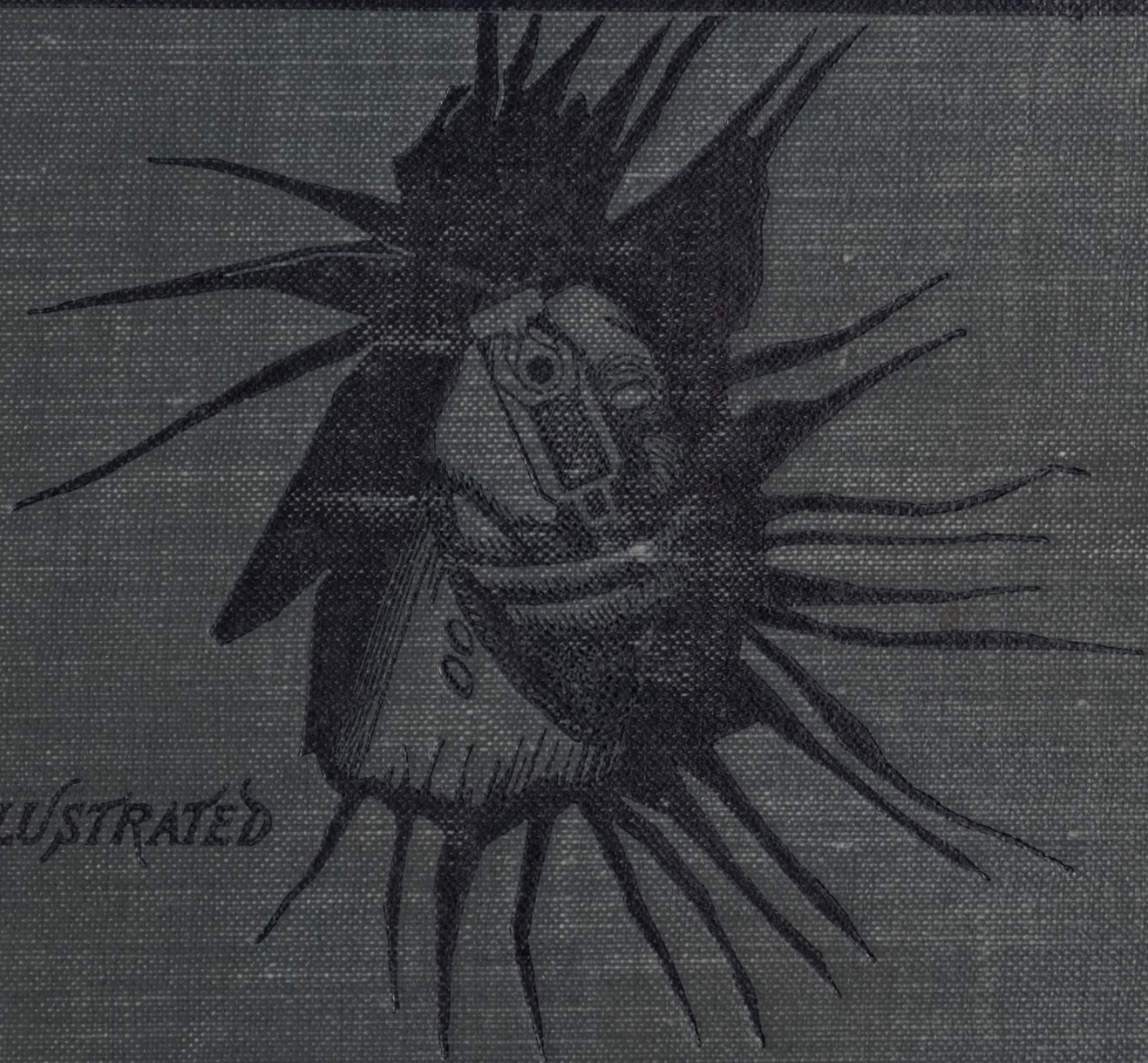


# GUILTY

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## *The Magazine-Gun Tragedy*

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ILLUSTRATED

*"Dark deeds may destroy the innocent;  
but the transgressor cannot  
escape ultimate retribution"*













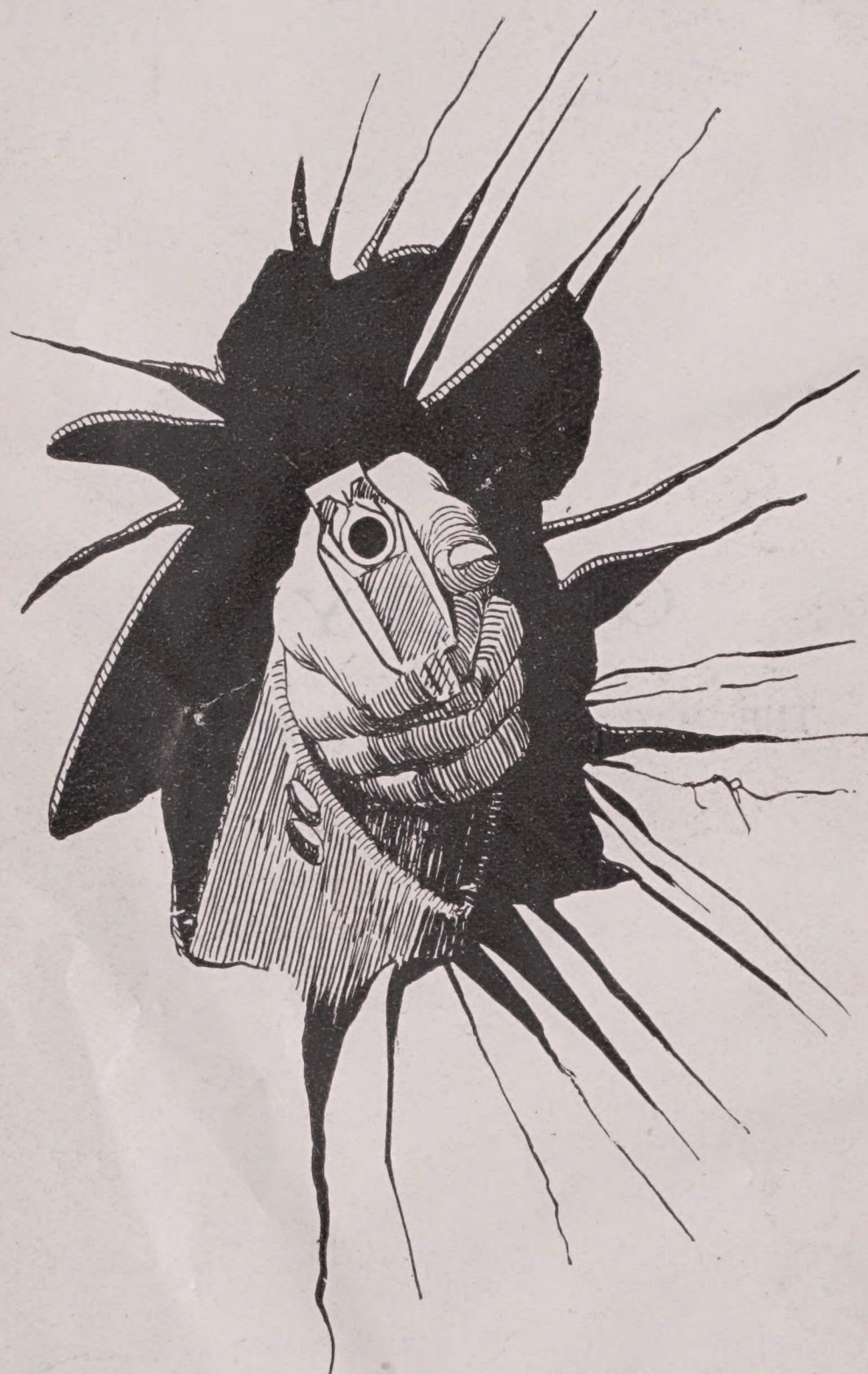


# GUILTY

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THE MAGAZINE-GUN TRAGEDY





The Deadly Magazine Gun.





GUSTAV MARX



EMIL ROESKE



PETE NIEDERMEIER



HARVEY VAN DINE

THE BANDIT QUARTETTE.





*Thomas G. Lamb*  
*Gen. Supdt of Police*



*W. H. Schuette*  
*Asst. Supdt of Police*





Wm. V. Bland





"THE CURSED SPELL THAT BROUGHT ME HERE."



# GUILTY

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## THE MAGAZINE-GUN TRAGEDY

BY

ROY (E.) NORTON AND WM. C. HALLOWELL

---

### A STRONG MORAL GRAPHICALLY DRAWN

Complete and accurate history depicting the life and deeds of the notorious car-barn bandits, the desperate struggle at the dug-out, the flight over the Indiana dunes, the capture, surrender and trial, with an article by Jno. L. Whitman, the famous "man tamer," and a pathetic letter from Mrs. Van Dine

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### Over Thirty Pen-drawings and Half-tones from Original Photographs

PORTRAITS WITH AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURES OF  
JAILER WHITMAN, CHIEF O'NEILL, ASST. CHIEF SCHUETTLE AND  
Detective BLAUL, the captor of Marx.

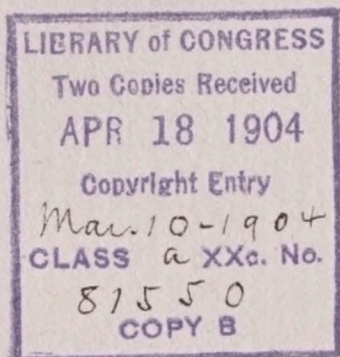


*"We shall be judged not by what we might  
have been, but what we have been."*

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CHICAGO  
LAIRD & LEE, PUBLISHERS





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# INTRODUCTION

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THE purpose of this book is not the mere telling of the startling deeds of a cowardly quartette of bandits, whose short and bloody career disgusted and shocked the entire civilized world ; on the contrary its object is to give, in such a manner as to point its own moral, an accurate account of one of the most startling dramas ever recorded in the annals of criminal history.

The record of these four young men should startle every parent and awaken every guardian of youth ; awaken them to the fact that mere environment in itself will not suffice to guard the young from wayward paths. One or two of these young murderers had been reared by God-fearing parents, surrounded by excellent home environments, and yet by degrees there was developed in them a type of felony that has scarcely been equalled in the history of the world's criminology.

No greater warning could be given the boys of our country, no more wholesome lesson offered their parents, than an uncolored, truthful statement of the so-called "Car-barn Bandits." It is not only the story of the scum of humanity, but it is the faithful record of boys of more than ordinary intelligence ; boys whose steps, one by one, led them away from parental control, led them through vicious associations, from mere boyish pranks to rowdyism, from rowdyism to petty pilfering, from pilfering to thugism, and from that to cold, heartless, deliberate and wholesale murder !

One of these outlaws, Harvey Van Dine, was originally gifted with the attributes of mind and character which go to make men of mark. He was intelligent, quick, self-confident, fearless and bold, and endowed with a remarkable capacity for organization ; gifts which prompted him to offer his services to his country in its hour of peril, which should have been an incentive to the attainment of a high and honorable career. He possessed a physique that enabled him to bear without faltering, hardships and fatigues, which would have overcome the average man. These were the splendid talents that he debauched, these were the characteristics which enabled him to dominate his comrades in crime.



No mother need say: "My boy could never fall so low." True, perhaps, but remember that the most puzzling problem in connection with a study of Van Dine's character, is that *there never was at any time any need for him to be otherwise than upright and manly*. All men are tempted; many fall through temptation, but Harvey Van Dine had no cause for yielding to temptation; there was no real reason why he should have been dragged from a loving and affectionate mother's care and a happy and cheerful home.

The other young men were not born with talents so prominent, so promising, but they were all abundantly able to earn honest livings and become upright and reputable citizens.

No greater warning can be given to boys, young men and even adults, than that obtainable from the history of the bandit quartette. That warning is to avoid evil companions, to shun idleness, and to refrain from the first little step from the path of rectitude—a step which surely leads to utter demoralization of character, a step which can end in only one way—punishment.

There is a power greater than the civil law which reaches out and, sooner or later, insists upon a balancing of accounts. It is that old, old, never-failing, immutable law of retribution.

There can be no escape from the consequences of wrong-doing; as surely as the sun rises and sets, no crime can escape ultimate retribution and punishment. "As a man soweth so also shall he reap." "The wages of sin is death."

Crime is the result of a gradual process. "No one ever became very wicked all at once," wrote Juvenal, but guilty secrets cannot be hid forever, and the punishment comes quick and fast.

These misguided youths may well say with the poet: "Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end?"

A few short fleeting years of crime, a few paltry dollars, a few apparent successes, and these four young men, once so full of promise, await the sentence of outraged law and justice, await their just punishment and the judgement of that Higher Court which has decreed,

"Thou shall do no murder."

In the language of one of these bandits, "It does not pay to murder;" neither does it pay to violate any of the laws of God or man.

THE AUTHORS.



[ *Written especially for this book.* ]

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## The Words of a Professional Criminologist

JOHN L. WHITMAN, JAILER FOR COOK COUNTY.

---

OFFICE OF  
THE JOHN L. WHITMAN  
MORAL IMPROVEMENT ASS'N JOURNAL  
COOK COUNTY JAIL,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

It has always been my contention that classification of criminals, or the grouping of lawbreakers according to the tendencies, inclinations, mental idiosyncrasies and personal peculiarities they hold in common with other criminals, is useless. As what might be termed a "professional criminologist" the conviction grows stronger in my mind year by year that each individual criminal is in a class by himself.

Upon this line of reasoning my system of dealing with the unfortunates intrusted to my care has in a large measure been based. It has taught us here in the Cook County jail, where we handle over 6,000 prisoners a year, that there is not one man in hundreds, no matter how low his degree of degradation, who cannot be "reached" by humane and reasonable methods.

Brutes whom blows or undue harshness would incite to the point of committing murder even though they could not hope to be benefited thereby are found susceptible to certain kinds of moral treatment which makes for good even in cases where the subject is unconscious of the influences which have wrought the change in him.

It was in accordance with this system that the so-called car-barn bandits — Peter Niedermeier, Harvey Van Dine and Gustav Marx — were received into the county jail to await trial for murder.

At first they were careless and indifferent. Later they became morose and thoughtful. We soon found that they were of such narrow natures that their complete "taming" would require a longer period than was left for us before they would be taken into court, and as they became sullen and surly we decided to leave them to their own thoughts for the time being at least.

They were unresponsive and unreceptive. Cowardly, yet desperately foolhardy, they offered greater problems than the trickiest, most hardened old timers of the calculating school. There seemed to be no rule to fit them.

In a word they were in a group by themselves and each one of them in a class by himself. To attempt to influence their minds with a view to preparing them for the mysterious future would only have been to prompt open resentment. In fairness to them they were left to their own troubles during the trial.

However, it is not impossible that a streak of humanity may yet be found in these three youthful characters, which will bring them under the influences that have brought many men under like circumstances to a full realization of what life really is.

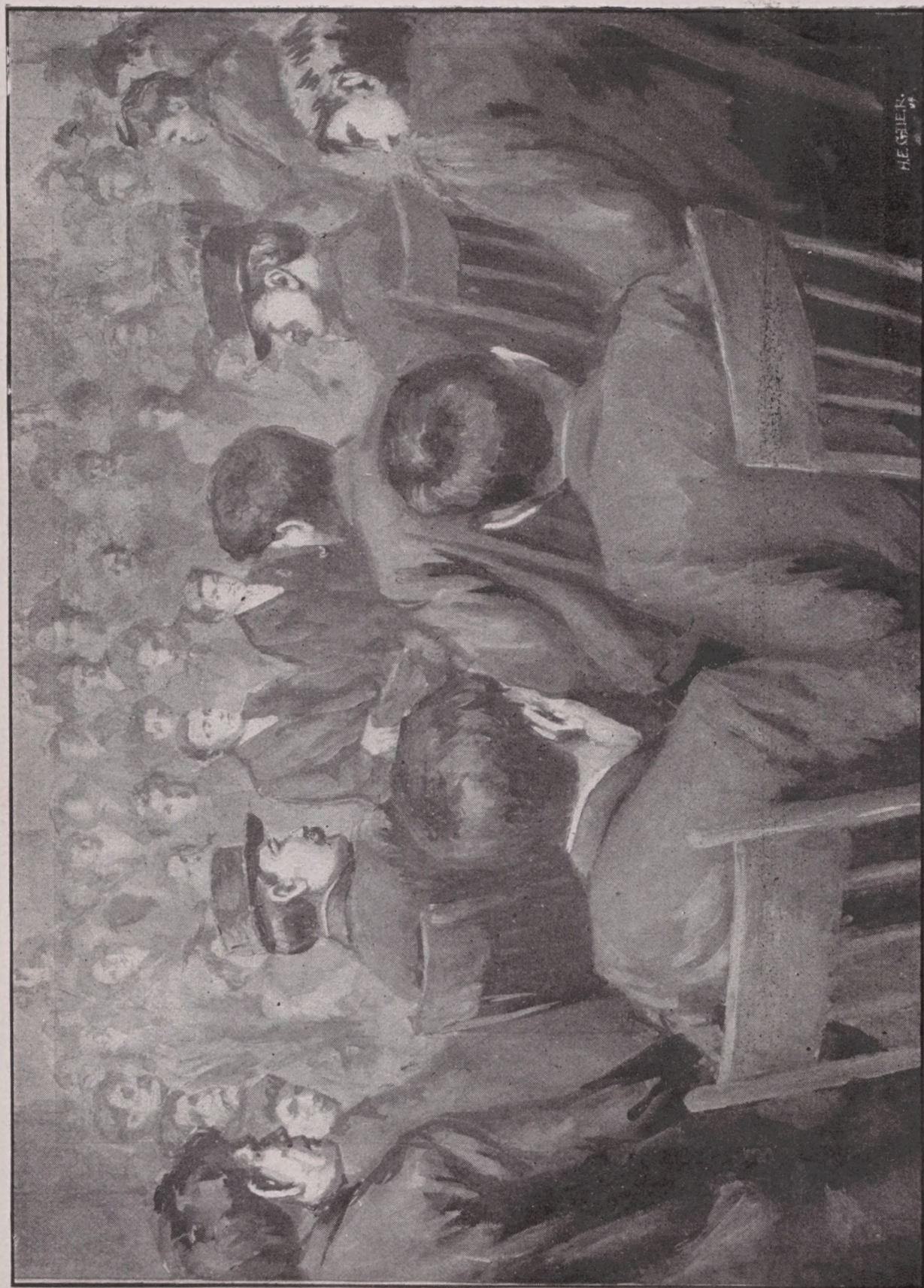
JOHN L. WHITMAN.





*John F. Whittier*





HEGEL.

THE CONFESSION OF NIEDERMEIER AND VAN DINE AFTER THE CAPTURE.





THE FAMOUS DUG-OUT, SHOWING THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE "LAST FIGHT."





VAN DINE  
IN ROUGHRIDER UNIFORM



# A Pathetic Story of Harvey Van Dine's Life

BY HIS MOTHER

CHICAGO, November 26, 1903.

MR. HAIGHT.

DEAR SIR:—When you came here last night I had not slept for two nights, and I could not readily give you connected ideas about Harvey's lineage and his own childhood. I will endeavor to give you a slight outline, and if you wish to make use of it in your story, all right, if not no harm done. I also enclose two recent letters to me; they are private and I would rather that you would not publish them, only they tend to show what class of work has been my recreation in my leisure moments, for recreation it is, as much as a charity ball is for the wealthier class. I take pleasure in placing poor, foolish girls under state supervision. I have done work of that kind for many years; I have made a study of that class of feeble-minded children, and I, as well as others of the same mind, have been trying to get a bill dealing with that class of girls before the Legislature, and we hope to succeed next year. I do not make this statement to boast of my good work, but in order to give you an idea in what kind of a home Harvey has been. I have talked with many politicians on that subject, both here and in Springfield, and have always been given attention, even by the Governor.

The earliest trace that my husband's family have of their ancestors is that a family by the name of Davenport fled from England to Holland, to escape religious persecution. There, one of the daughters married a man by the name of Adam Henry Van Duyne, now Americanized to Van Dine. They came to America and settled in New York, in the Dutch settlement. A James Harvey Van Duyne fought in the revolution; a son of the above lost his life in the war of 1812, leaving a son and daughter; the daughter married a cousin, also a James Harvey Van Duyne, who is the great-grandfather of my son Harvey; his son, also James Harvey, was wounded in the left lung in the Mexican war—the wound caused his death when my husband was five months old; his young wife, who was Kathrine Woods, followed him a year after; she died of a broken heart. The Van Duyne family left New York after the revolution, and went to Virginia, but Harvey's grandfather settled in Newark, Ohio, after the Mexican war, and there my husband was born and, after his parents' death, adopted by an old friend of grandma Woods, he came to Chicago in 1877, and two years later we were married. I am a North German by birth, but was brought to Chicago at five years of age; my parents always lived on the Northside. I graduated from the Newberry school, on Willow and Orchard streets; I was taught to read and write German by my mother. On her side of the house I am related to Fritz Reuter, the greatest German dialect and folk story writer ever known; his name is honored wherever the German language is spoken. From my father's side of the house I spring from the Pless family of Ivanak. Branches of that family gave Germany a Bismark and Von Molke; they are diplomats in peace and fighters in war. We hate red tape and restraint; it is only when fate has struck many hard blows that we submit. A kind word or even a pleading look will turn us, but an uncalled for rudeness will make us as stubborn as the hard-headed buffalo that is on our coat-of-arms. I am not learned in such foolishness as heraldry, my life has been too full of real interest to bother



about dead and gone things, therefore I do not know where the buffalo head comes from, but if it has any reference to the stubbornness of our race it is rightfully placed, and Harvey has his share, and hot-headed and bold as he is, he may have used threats, as the police claim he did, and if driven to quarters that he thinks he would be deprived of his liberty, would make use of his strength and weapons, but if the police will withdraw and give me a chance to reason with him, I believe I could make him see things in a different light—we love each other so dearly. From his babyhood up one word from me would go farther than many lectures from other people.

When he was four years old we moved out to Highwood, now Fort Sheridan. My oldest child's health was very delicate, and we thought country air and milk might benefit her. Harvey run wild there, but still his first thought was always for his sister and brother. He was younger than his sister, but so strong and sturdy that he looked older. I can see him now, when expecting grandma on the train, I would allow the three children to go to the corner; he would stand in the middle, his little legs braced, holding the other two by the skirts for fear they would run under the cars or come to harm, his sense of duty was so strong that he would not allow them to stir from the corner even when they saw grandma coming. He would then attempt to carry grandma's satchel, because he was mamma's little man. Soon the soldiers came and of course he soon became acquainted with them; even the officers took an interest in the bold red-headed little boy; they taught him how to shoot and sing for them, but all things have an end, and when he was seven we came back to town, and the restraint was awful for him. He was never a bad boy, but it was dangerous to meddle with him. For instance, once when he was playing, one evening, he accidentally, or perhaps by design, ran across the front lawn of a house opposite where we lived; the lady who owned it was sprinkling, and in anger she turned the hose on him and wet him from head to foot; he deliberately walked up to her, took the hose and turned it on her, so that in a few minutes after, when I answered the door-bell, I saw two dripping mortals on my steps, each trying to explain, but on the other hand, there was not an animal or small baby in the block that did not like Harvey. One morning, going to school, he picked up a half dead kitten; it was an awful looking thing: half its hair gone. It was bald in spots, its eyes were closed with matter and dirt; he begged so hard to keep it, saying that he would do without his milk if I would only let him keep it. He washed and fed that cat until it was well, and it grew into the biggest and handsomest Maltese cat I ever saw, and I could give you hundreds of such instances; his sympathy was always with the weakest.

Now, Mr. Haight, you can say what you please, no one will ever make me believe that such a boy would commit deliberate and unprovoked murder. As I said before, he might kill in defense of his life or principles. I can say of him, and all his schoolmates and associates will bear me out, he never lied; he always told the truth. He was not lazy. He was ambitious and wanted to get to the top. In his heart I think he had college ambitions also, but he never mentioned it. All our efforts were directed towards helping the younger brother; he was a member of the Y. M. C. A. until the first of November, and then he had to let it go because he had no money to renew his card and he would not be beholden to any one. I send this with my youngest son, you can question him as much as you like.

Respectfully,

SOPHIE E. VAN DINE.

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The above letter was given to the authors by Mr. Haight, with permission to publish the same.



# GUILTY

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## THE MAGAZINE-GUN TRAGEDY

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### CHAPTER I.

THE CAR BARN HOLD-UP—HUMAN LIVES WEIGHED  
AGAINST CASH.

As the last car, with its glimmering headlight pulled into the cavernous car-sheds of the City Railway Company of Chicago, at 61st and State streets, the cashier turned wearily to his desk and receipted the register handed in by an equally tired conductor.

"Glad my work's over, Stewart," said the conductor, and then with a "Good-night" he disappeared into the darkness and silence surrounding the huge structure, in the back of which forty other men had retired to their bunks for the night.

Frank Stewart turned with renewed vigor to his task, thinking that in only a few minutes more his work too would be completed, and he likewise could seek the loving home he had left during the day.

Before him in endless array rested piles of silver coin, sheaves of bills and an occasional stack of glittering yellow metal. Deftly and with practiced fingers he commenced the final count of the day's receipts.



As he steadily counted, William Biehl, the clerk, and receiver William B. Edmond, talked in languid tones of the day's task. On this night of August thirtieth, 1903, there hung over and added to the darkness of the night, a heavy fog sweeping in from the placid lake like a pall, which but a short distance away lapped peacefully against its sandy shores. It was a somnolent night of brooding peace. No pedestrian's footsteps stirred an echo in this isolated place. No clangor of early morning travel, no outward evidence of the commencement of a new day's life in the great city which calmly reposed throughout this early hour.

In the little office, conversation between the two idle men had fallen to fragmentary remarks, and Cashier Stewart, his task completed, prepared to tabulate the little fortune before him—the results of the day's large traffic.

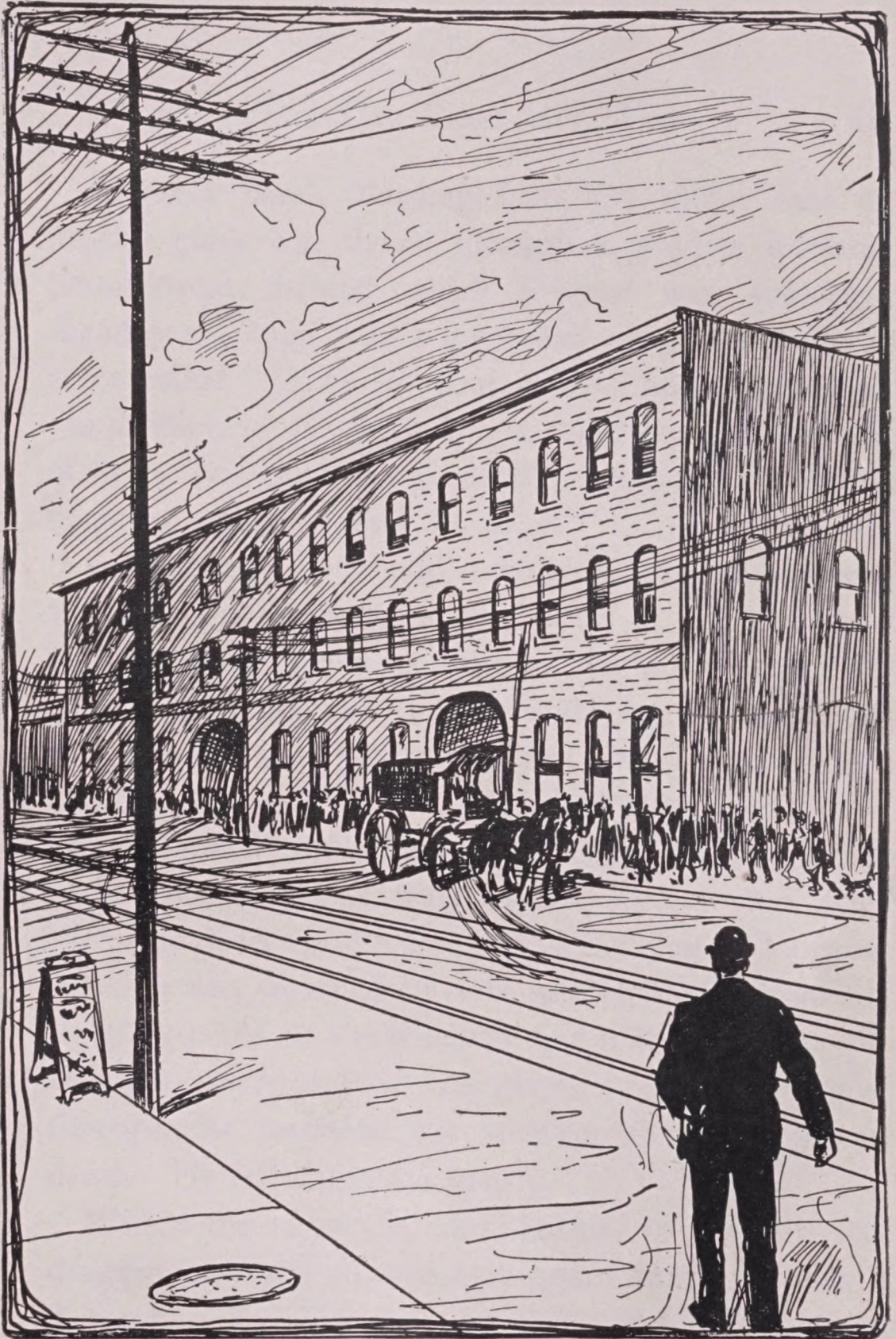
"How much?" said Edmond, stretching his arms above his head and yawning.

"Nearly thirty-five hundred," came the absent-minded response, "and glad I am it is counted."

Again silence broken only by the clink of the coin being rolled into little paper receptacles, as the cashier concluded his toil.

Clang! Smash!





The scene of the car-barn tragedy.





The scene of the battle of Marston



A heavy hand, bleeding from the minor cuts of broken glass was thrust through a window fronting State street, behind which Stewart was standing. Steadily the hand held a menacing weapon; steadily a voice called "Throw up your hands," and then before the cashier, or his companions could reply, a fusilade of flying lead, poured with deadly accuracy from flame-spouting weapons filled the room.

Excitement, confusion, smoke-laden atmosphere, the sound of hurrying feet without, of moaning men within and a deadly six minutes begun with turmoil, was to be ended with robbery and murder. Resounding blows rained upon the partition with a sledge hammer; a voice shouted: "Hit the door, you fool—hit the door," and with another crash the door gave way. An inrush of feet, then a second shot, with the same deadly aim. The last victim, James Johnson, a motorman, aroused by this pandemonium from his sleeping place on a rear bench, had with drowsy bewilderment emerged from the gloom in time to receive through the forehead the steel-tipped messenger of death. He fell without a groan.

Within the room, Stewart, faithful to the last, was dragging himself toward a burglar alarm, to issue a last appeal for aid. Another shot and his determined



effort was ended. Near him, wallowing in overturned trays of smaller coin, Edmond, with the vain hope of beating off these merciless assassins, made a feeble effort to reach a weapon. Another shot and his struggles were at an end. Behind him, inert, huddled and collapsed, Biehl rested in a gruesome heap, his life blood slowly spreading out into a little pool of unheeded crimson.

Stewart, probably unconscious of effort, but with vitality still throbbing through his grievously wounded body, feebly raised himself upon his elbow. An agile form bounded into the death laden room, and vengefully kicked him in the face and he fell back motionless.

The swift figure, the only one in that chamber of death whose movement attested life, hurriedly seized the heaped-up money, with calmness tested the weight of the coin but abandoned it as too heavy for a speedy flight. Carelessly turning he viewed the work of death, and then started toward the exit. The glitter of a beautiful weapon clutched in the grip of the unconscious Edmond, attracted his attention. He viciously kicked the unrelaxed hand, and as the coveted weapon was hurled across the floor into the little sea of crimson, he calmly picked it up, wiped it upon the clothing



of a prostrate form and swiftly walked from the room. Still another shot outside.

"What was it?" queried a voice.

"Nothing but a coat I guess," was the laughing response.

Again silence. Nothing but unresponsive silence after five minutes of tragedy, five minutes of unparalleled brutality, of cold-blooded viciousness and robbery.

From the rear barn came a patter of hurrying feet as men—aroused from slumber by this five minutes' fusillade, this crashing of falling doors, swarmed forward to the front office, where their comrades lay dying and dead. Then turmoil; the appealing blasts of police whistles; the hurrying clamor of hastening ambulances; the quick, terse commands of uniformed officers ordering inferiors in legions to the search; the excited calls, the blazing of myriads of lanterns like huge fireflies bent on vain and aimless quest, and again silence. Silence in an ambulance where Stewart gasped out his last breath. Silence in a death wagon which carried Johnson, who before he realized it had gone to answer his final call. Silence where two wounded men were hovering upon the brink of eternity.



## CHAPTER II.

### CRIME-RIDDEN CHICAGO APPALLED—THE WORLD STANDS AGHAST—MYSTERY THICKENS.

The great city awoke that morning and read the startling headlines which told of the dreadful crime from flaring extra editions of the newspapers. The police had long been astir, routed out early by Chief O'Neill in an effort to throw out the great drag-net which had so often proved effective in rounding up desperadoes and common murderers.

Eagerly the public grabbed every edition as it came from the press, but as the day wore on the information was not forthcoming that a capture had been made. Suspects, it is true, were gathered in by the scores and hundreds, but it could not be said that the police had cast the faintest rift of light upon the dark crime.

Tempting rewards, aggregating thousands of dollars, were offered for the capture of the murderers of the defenseless clerks. The most astute policemen, veterans of scores of puzzling man-hunts, systematically set about gathering clews.



Hundreds of citizens interested themselves as amateur sleuths and almost every man, woman and child in the vicinity of the Sixty-first street car barns, eager to figure in the newspapers, came forward with some scrap of information which might command the attention of the police.

By nightfall, every jail-house in the city was choked with suspicious characters. Each person was subjected to the heart-breaking "sweating process" by which many a man is said to have been forced to confess crimes which it was found later he could not have committed, but guilt was fastened on none.

Clews that looked good one minute, fell flat the next. Direct information, aimed at certain persons, was found to be false. The help of the world, of police departments in every corner of the country, was solicited, but hours grew into days and Chicago found itself confronted with one of the most baffling mysteries in the world of criminal history.

So effective had been the bandits' work that neither of the two surviving victims could have identified them had the robbers and murderers been brought before them. All that was definitely known concerning the hold-up men was that the bloody hand which did the execution held a magazine revolver. This fact was



established by an examination by experts of the bullets which let the life blood out of the four street car employes.

And then, of a sudden, occurred an incident unparalleled in the annals of the police department. A man bearing the name of Sluder, laughingly and voluntarily came to the front and confessed that he had taken part in the crime. Exultantly, the police and public seized upon his confession and the mystery seemed solved, until Sluder was discovered to be half-witted.

His recital was full of inconsistencies. Finally he gravely announced that he had made the confession for the fun of the thing.

The Chief of Police raved. His frantic subordinates trembled under his scathing denunciations anent their inability to clear up the mystery, and rebukes for lack of foresight in wasting time on an imbecile while the real murderers were being given time to escape.

There occurred such a howl of public indignation as Chicago had never before heard. The police were accused of incompetency. The mayor was accused of harboring an inefficient superintendent, and the individual detectives and patrolmen were branded by press and pulpit as a lot of numbskulls, unfitted to guard the



safety of a great city, holding their positions only by virtue of political machinations.

Day after day the police, aided by hundreds of expert criminal reporters for the daily papers, fought and clawed and frothed over the mystery. Chicago became the butt for sarcasm and caustic criticism all over the world.

The wildest among the mining and cowboy communities of the "wooley" West chuckled and said:

"It couldn't even happen out here."

Goaded by these adverse comments, both at home and abroad, Chief O'Neill, one of the most brilliant, hard-working, capable and efficient policemen the world has ever known, shook his department from stem to stern. Men were discharged and transferred, reprimanded and warned, but the stronger the effort to disentangle it, the more obstinate became the mystery. Chicago, with all her sins, boasts of some of the greatest detectives in the world, and old, clever detectives, men of international fame, at last conceded; that—

"There is no proof against any man we might arrest. The car-barn murderers will never be known, unless one chance in a million occurs—that someone confesses who has been captured in connection with some other offense and bluffed into the belief that his complicity



is known, or that his pals are under arrest and have told all."

But just as surely as fog must yield to the power of the sun, it was destined that the wanton slayers of the men at the car-barns should be dragged from the concealing shadows by the strong hand of the law and placed, quivering and cringing, in the unerring scales of Justice.

None of their craftiness, their recklessness which passed for daring, could efface the bloodstains from the cowardly fingers that had pressed the triggers of the spiteful magazine guns.

In cases like this, when all human agencies seem ineffective to bring retribution down upon the heads of soulless cravens, a Higher Power invariably steps in—a power as unerring as it is right, as intense in its relentlessness as the deed which calls it to the aid of humanity.

It was a dark hour for the police; a bright one for the crooks. For the moment brigandage in Chicago seemed to pay. How brief was this moment—how short-lived the exultation of the lawless element and how terrible the vengeance of the law upon men who slew their fellow-beings for gain, was soon to be recognized.



## CHAPTER III.

### SCHOOL-ROOM TO MURDERERS' ROW—THE MAKING OF A DESPERADO—BOYHOOD ENVIRONMENT—YOUTHFUL PROCLIVITIES.

As all the world now knows, the reign of terror which preceded and followed the car-barn murders was produced by the deeds of four youths, barely emerging from their teens. The world asks "How could it be?—whence did they come?—how, in an enlightened community, amid environment which produces, ordinarily at least, average citizens—how could four boys in so short a time become criminals of the blackest stripe?" The question is not one easily answered. It is only known that the boys who afterward became the notoriously infamous car-barn bandits, started with as good opportunities in life as thousands of other lads, who today are reading with horror of their terrible deeds and fate. "A man who has no excuse for crime is indeed, defenceless."

Harvey Van Dine, Peter Niedermeier, Gustav Marx



and Emil Roeske were reared on the Northwest side of Chicago, in a district where the residents are for the most part industrious and thrifty; where even laborers own their own homes and send their children to school; where such a thing as an aristocrat is unknown, but where good citizenship is prevalent. The Northwest side is peopled mainly by the first and second generations of foreigners. With the exception of Van Dine, these were the antecedents of the bandits.

Van Dine is an American and was brought up under gentler conditions than the others. On his father's side, he sprang from a long line of fighting Americans, and his mother claims unbroken connection for centuries back with the nobility of Holland and Germany. For several years his father had been seeking greater fortune in the interior of Mexico than seemed to be his lot in Chicago, and the boy's youth was without the restraining influence of a father's presence. His mother, however, is a thoughtful woman of advanced ideas on most subjects; but it appears that her mother-love for her first-born often blinded her to many small faults which later developed into criminal inclinations. For a few years he went to school with fair regularity, and while not remarkably brilliant, he showed an average amount of industry in his studies and made prog-



ress that was satisfactory to his teachers. As he grew older and began to increase his circle of acquaintances beyond the limits of the school yard, that restlessness came upon him which was the first bursting seed of a harvest of wild oats.

It was at this period and shortly thereafter, when he chose as his friends the three boys who later became his companions in crime.

Gustav Marx belonged to a family which boasted of no proud connections. The methods of raising her children adopted by his mother seem to have been effective in the cases of his two brothers who, working for their livelihood in the usual manner of men of their class, maintained the home while Gustav was reveling in crime, and while even the father was serving a sentence within the walls of a penitentiary, for an offense, however, entirely remote in nature from those later deeds for which his son was deprived of his liberty.

Niedermeier was reared in the old-fashioned German manner. His aged mother and father are barely able to make themselves understood in English. His two brothers are respected, hard-working citizens of their neighborhood.

Roeske apparently never amounted to anything more than a street urchin or arab. He spent little if



any time in school, and was a bad boy from the time he was old enough to be bad, in all that the name implies. His home surroundings were such that he might have been something better than a lawbreaker, but he seems to have taken advantage of none of the opportunities offered him to develop decently.

Such was the start in life given each of these desperadoes. From the time they were about fourteen years old they carved their own fate, and in the process they worked together, seemingly vying with each other to see which could absorb in his own nature and make-up attributes of the greatest worthlessness.

Niedermeier was the first of the quartet to chafe under the ties of home and school. At the age of fourteen he ran away from home, and while the other three were still terrorizing school children he was gaining his first lessons in crime, roaming the country in company with tramps and worthless characters.

Many months afterward he returned. There was every indication in his appearance and manner that he had been through experiences which had worked for evil in his mind. Instead of causing his former schoolmates to shun him, however, these changes only drew them closer around him. When he related to them with boyish boastfulness that he had killed a brake-



man, they stood in awe and possibly admiration of him. At least they paid assiduous attention to every wild tale of adventure he told, and it was not long before the poison began to work.

They began to remain out nights, smoke cigarettes and drink beer. They frequented pool rooms, loafed on corners and learned to gamble. These expensive habits, they found, could not be easily satisfied upon the small amounts of money they were able to wheedle out of their parents and brothers, so they decided to go to work.

Marx started to learn the painter's trade. The others worked around at odd jobs, and as all were vigorous youngsters, they had little difficulty in finding employment when they earnestly sought it.

Roeske was the least industrious. The time came when even the money thus earned failed to gratify their steadily growing and always more vicious habits. They robbed chicken coops and anything else which promised loot. One night Marx broke into the Audubon school house and stole some lead pipe fittings. He was caught in the act and sent to the reformatory to serve out a fifty dollar fine. It is worthy of comment here, that the man who arrested him at that time was killed five years later by Marx. Nor were all of their



acts against the law committed for gain. Traveling together as they did, they felt arrogant in their strength, and they found delight in creating disturbances at dances, bullying those weaker than themselves and acting as street corner rowdies.

In one place they were still mutually interested, mutually ambitious, and that was at the rifle range. Each purchased a weapon and under hours of contesting practice, each became a locally famous shot. In this expertness Van Dine shone as the peer, and his unerring marksmanship soon attracted the attention of some of the best shots in Chicago.

Van Dine showed certain powers of organization and love for detail that later made him easily the leader of the bandits. He gathered together a military company, composed of the boys of his neighborhood and drilled it to a remarkable state of proficiency. He even carried his activities further and gained some reputation as an athlete.

In this he was not alone. His physical prowess was equalled by both Marx and Niedermeier, although Roeske's habits of laziness prevented him from becoming notable in any field where physical activity was required. The three leaders, however, became proficient boxers and expert wrestlers.



His love for militarism and the handling of firearms led Van Dine to join the National Guard of Illinois, where he was believed to be a steady, earnest and ambitious young man.

It may be seen that their boyish proclivities, sports, exercises and games developed them physically and tended to make them adepts in a nefarious career which was later to startle the civilized world and aid them in evading the police, baffling trained detectives and for a long time evading suspicion and final justice.



## CHAPTER IV.

SEEKING BIG GAME—SUCCESS LEADS TO HIDEOUS RECK-  
LESSNESS—THE FIRST MURDER—WAY IS PAVED FOR  
A TERRIBLE FUTURE—A DISAGREEMENT.

To enumerate within these pages all of the minor crimes committed during the brief career of the infamous Magazine Trio would be but to tire the reader and extend this appalling narrative far beyond the allotted limits of a single volume. Neither is there in existence a perfect record of their smaller deeds—those acts which by the gradual process of evolution first transformed these shiftless boys into mischief makers, then into rowdies, and then on through the transitory stages into night-hawks, cigarette smokers, gamblers, drunkards, thugs, highwaymen, murderers and outlaws.

It was about the first of March, 1903, that, tired of petty hold-ups and emboldened in crime, they began the contemplation of more serious offenses against the law. The series of highway robberies which for sev-



eral months followed each other in rapid succession attested their increasing bravado. In the latter part of June the quartet began planning a grand coup.

Most of their time was spent in casting about for a favorable object for their criminal intentions. Niedermeier and Roeske, while scouting about the northern section of the city, made a close examination of the Clybourn Junction station of the Chicago & Northwestern railway. They noted that the depot agent was usually alone and that generally he had a large amount of cash in his possession.

With that cunning which always prompted them to execute their deeds with the least possible risk to themselves, Roeske and Niedermeier set the evening of the Fourth of July as the time for the hold-up.

They knew that the sound of shooting would attract no attention on Independence Day, and it was plainly their intention to shoot down whoever stood between them and the money which they had determined should be theirs that night.

As if sneaking like forest cats upon their unsuspecting victim and overpowering him by force of numbers were not an effective enough course to suit their purpose, these two hair-brained youths spent almost the entire day at target practice in the back yard of the



Niedermeier residence. When they had grown tired of shooting at marks, they carefully cleaned, oiled and loaded their weapons.

Could some unseen hand have reached over their shoulders at that moment and deprived them of these terrible instruments of death—instruments which were destined to bring sorrow and mourning to many a home—what a blessing it would have been to these misguided lads; what hours of solitary repentance and anguish would they have been spared!

But Fate, presiding at the mysterious, ever-whirling wheel of Fortune by which men's destiny is measured, gave the disc another spin and two unfeeling hearts, two unreasoning brains impelled these luckless young men onward to the black valley of crime—a valley with a verdant and beautiful, alluring entrance, but with only one exit, and that guarded by the angel of retribution.

In the darkness of the night, as George W. Lathrop, the agent at the Clybourn Junction station, turned from filling in some reports, he was confronted by Niedermeier, his face partly covered by a mask and a big pistol leveled at the railroad man's head.

"Open that safe and be quick about it!" came the sharp command.



Lathrop was a man of nerve and action. His reply to the robber's order came in leaping forward and grappling with his opponent. His plucky action was a surprise to Niedermeier, whose calculations for the moment were completely upset by the attack. Outside Roeske was standing guard.

Breaking away from the station agent, Niedermeier stepped back, took quick aim and fired. A loud report echoed through the little room and Lathrop fell, dangerously wounded.

Niedermeier sprang over his form toward the safe, when Lathrop feebly trying to catch his leg and trip him, lapsed into unconsciousness.

"Crack him again," came a voice from the outside. "He just wiggled."

"Oh, he's good for dead," replied the other desperado; "I ain't got time."

With that he dashed out of the door and the two melted into the gloom and leisurely strolled homeward, the sound of their retreating footsteps mingling with the swift clatter of policemen's boots as the bluecoats rushed to the scene of the robbery and attempted murder. Their loot amounted to only \$120.

Lathrop survived his wounds and confronted Niedermeier after the latter's arrest.



"I want to say one thing, Mr. Lathrop," said the prisoner to the man he had left for dead that Fourth of July night, "you certainly gave me the worst fight a hold-up man ever got."

The success of Roeske and Niedermeier's exploit inspired Van Dine and Marx to form plans for a similar deed. They took Roeske in with them.

On the night of July 9, the trio went to the saloon of Ernest Spires, at 1820 North Ashland avenue. Roeske was sent in ahead of the others. He was supposed to be unacquainted with the two men who were to enter a moment later, revolvers in hand. Sauntering up to the bar, Roeske ordered a glass of beer and was served.

Hardly had he raised the glass to his lips when Van Dine and Marx entered the front door and ordered those within to throw up their hands. Otto Bauder, a young man seated at the side of the room, arose from his chair, but made no move to throw up his hands. Instead, he stood, trembling with terror and speechless.

In front of his array of glittering glassware, the bartender stood with elevated hands. Roeske started around the end of the bar to extract the money from the till, Van Dine and Marx keeping careful watch on





A woman's white face at the window witnesses the killing of Otto Bender.







the doors and upon the bartender and patron in the meantime.

Terrified half out of his senses, the boy Bauder, who up to this moment had stood transfixed with horror, recovered the use of his limbs and rushed toward the door. An instant later, he lay writhing in death agonies on the saloon floor. Three shots were fired, but they had sounded as one discharge.

Quickly Roeske turned and completed his looting of the cash register.

Their work done, after admonishing the bartender to make no outcry under pain of death, the bandits hurried toward the door.

Just then, like an apparition, a woman's white face was outlined against the darkness of the side window, gazing with horror upon the scene within.

It was the turn of the desperadoes to take fright. They flashed meaning glances at each other and their faces paled as the face disappeared from the window and the still night air was pierced by scream upon scream as she fled down the street.

"She'll have the police on us in a minute," hoarsely whispered one of the bandits. "What'll we do? We'd better get out of here quick, since Roeske's killed that kid."



"I never killed him; you fellers did it," retorted Roeske.

By this time the three panic-stricken robbers were out of the door.

"I shot into the ceiling," said Marx, turning a steely glare upon Roeske.

By this time they were running for the cover of a gloomy alley. As they passed under a street light, Roeske whirled about, a look of intense anger on his face, his pistol in his hand.

"Go along now, or you'll get what's coming to you."

The first murder had been committed and something else had happened. From that moment Roeske feared his companions. At no time thereafter did he turn his back on one of them.

"I knew," he said afterward, "that they would kill me like a dog on the slightest provocation."



## CHAPTER V.

LIFE BECOMES CHEAPER—AN ICE-BOX JOB—WORKING  
UNDER THE VERY NOSE OF POLICEMEN.

"Only \$2.35," growled Van Dine an hour later as the three bandits sat in a pool-room on North Clark street.

"Yes, and lives are getting cheap," sneered Marx, casting a malevolent glance at Roeske, who now sat as though stupified, recovering from intoxication.

"I'll stand for no more useless killing, Roeske; I want you to understand that," Marx continued, and then, arising, he said: "You can have my share. You killed a boy to get it."

As Marx' athletic figure disappeared through a doorway, Roeske broke into a stream of oaths.

"There's no use in that," interrupted Van Dine. "The only thing for us to do is to make another 'stick-up' right away. I have got to have money. Let's go somewhere else tonight." But Roeske, pale and shaking, hung his head and declined.



"Well, then, to-morrow night," urged Van Dine, and as Roeske assented, Van Dine signified his intention of going home and walked from the pool-room, drawing his hat down over his eyes, setting his lips in a thin, determined line.

On the following evening they met by appointment, and Van Dine immediately saw that Roeske had recovered from the effects of his previous night's excitement and debauch.

"Well, how do you feel tonight?" he asked jocularly. "You don't look as though you had had any bad dreams."

"No, not exactly," replied Roeske with a grin; "but say, I'll tell you what, old pal, not that my nerve needs it, but let's go get 'a bracer' before we do anything tonight."

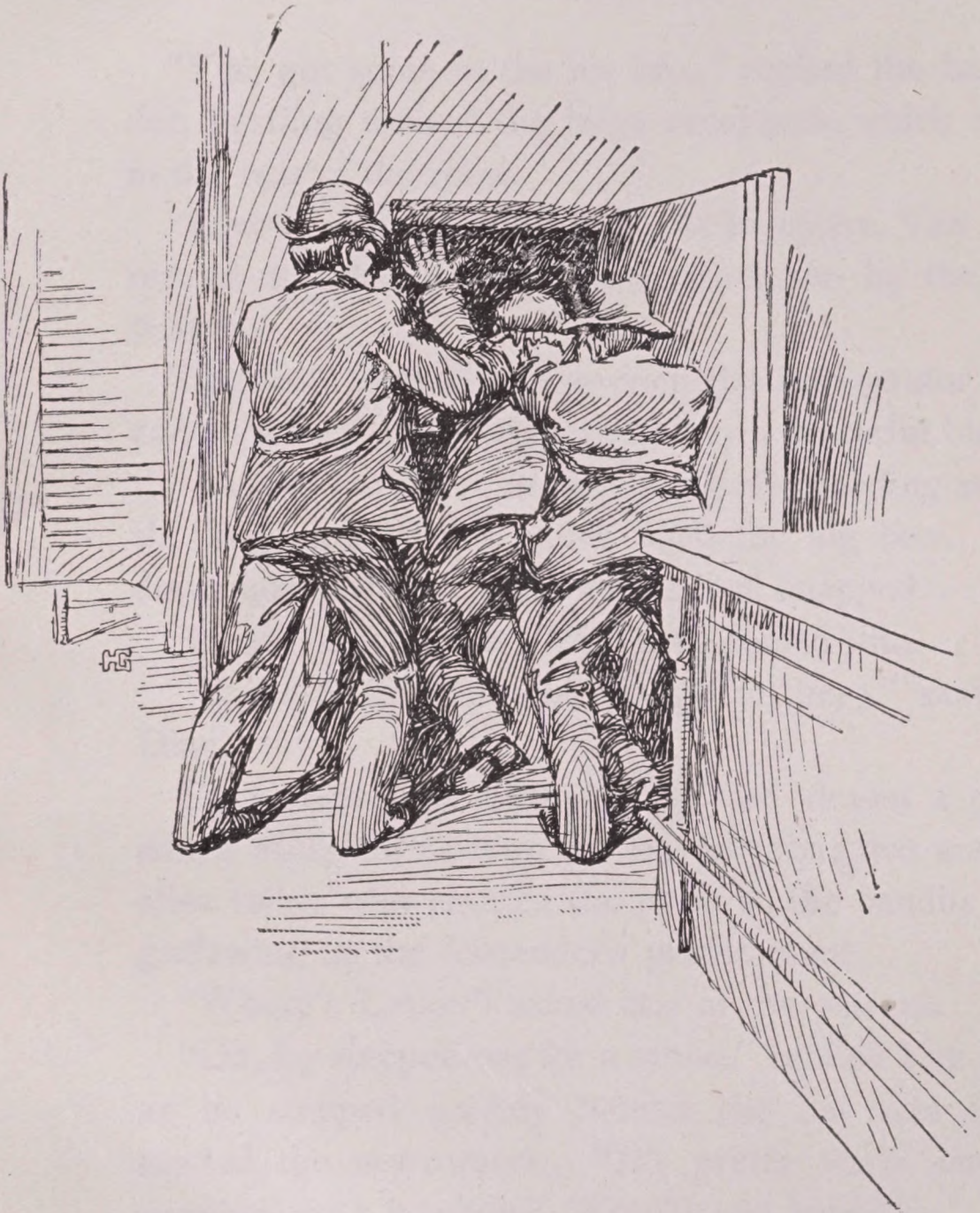
They went to a neighboring saloon, one of their accustomed haunts, where Van Dine took good care that Roeske did not indulge his weakness too freely.

A few minutes later they sauntered into Greenberg's saloon, 401 Addison street.

"Evenin', gents," said Louis Cohan, the bartender. "Kind o' warm out this evenin', isn't it, gents,? What'll you have?"

"Got any bottled beer on ice?" asked Van Dine.





Thrusting bartender Cohan into the ice-box. While Van Dine attended bar, Roeske stood guard.







"Yes, got some in the ice box," replied the bartender, bustling toward the huge receptacle which stood in the rear of the room.

"Give us a couple of pints." As he spoke, Van Dine moved noiselessly in the direction taken by the bartender.

The latter briskly threw open the refrigerator door and an instant later, half-stunned by a powerful blow at the base of the brain, he was plunged sprawling amidst the kegs and bottles which filled the big box. The door slammed after him and the lock snapped.

Roeske laughed and Van Dine joined him.

"Guess he'll keep cool enough in there," said Van Dine.

Up to this time neither man had drawn a pistol, which accounts perhaps for the fact that two men are alive today who entered the place as the bandits were guffawing at the bartender's predicament.

"Where's Louie?" asked one of the patrons.

"Oh, he stepped out for a while," replied Van Dine, as he stepped quickly behind the bar and leaned toward the newcomers. "It's pretty warm out this evening, isn't it, gents? What'll you have?"

At this mimicry of the imprisoned bartender's greeting, Roeske roared with laughter, but his hand was



in his pocket, and his eye never left the refrigerator door.

Removing his hat, Van Dine proceeded to tie on a white apron which he picked up from the rear of the bar. He served the customers with whiskey, received a silver half dollar in payment, turned and rang up a quarter on the cash register and handed back the change, but he failed to close the register.

The patrons left and Van Dine, still retaining his white apron, proceeded to divide with Roeske the contents of the register, amounting to twenty-five dollars.

"Let's open the door," said Roeske, "and see if the bartender, our old friend Louie, hasn't got some coin in his clothes."

"All right," assented Van Dine, and both started toward the ice box with the intention of making a further search of the luckless Cohan. Just as they reached it, however, the street door swung open and four men walked in.

Van Dine, keeping up his mimicry of the bartender, returned to the rear of the bar and served the latest customers with drinks. They stood but a few minutes, however, little aware that leaning against the wall back of them, with hand clasped on a gun in his pocket, stood one, who, at the slightest sound of



alarm, would have opened fire on them with deadly effect. Roeske's gleaming eyes warned Van Dine, and immediately after the four men departed, he decided to tarry no longer.

Roeske, with a greediness unparalleled, would have liked to complete the robbery by looting the pockets of the imprisoned bartender. Van Dine, however, insisted upon immediate departure. Doffing his bar regalia and assuming his coat and hat, he nonchalantly led the way from the apparently deserted saloon into the street. Almost in front of the door, a policeman hurried to a call-box to make his hourly report. For an instant Roeske showed signs of terror and would have fled precipitately had not Van Dine checked him with a restraining hand.

Fortune favored them, in that at the corner a car had stopped to take on passengers. They boarded it and rode to the other side of the city.

In low tones they discussed the evening's robbery. Van Dine expressed great disappointment that the amount taken had been so small.

Roeske, on the other hand, regarded the twelve dollars which had fallen to him as his share, as being ample for his immediate demands.

It took considerable persuasion on the part of Van



Dine to make his partner see that the amount they had on hand was really small. It was only through holding out inducements and glittering prophecies of reward for the future, that he could persuade Roeske to the commission of an immediate and further attempt.

Roeske left the car first, after agreeing on an appointment for the following night. The next evening, however, found Van Dine suffering from a headache, and a meeting place was agreed upon for another day.

Promptly the appointment was kept, because Van Dine wanted a larger fund and Roeske, having been unlucky in a gambling game, was again penniless. Without discussion and trusting entirely to Van Dine's selection, Roeske joined the latter in a trip to the saloon of Charles Alvin, on Roscoe street and Sheffield avenue.

The man behind the bar was the sole occupant of the place and was polishing glassware when the door swung open. He found himself confronted by Van Dine, who gruffly said: "Put up your hands, and be quick about it."

The bartender obeyed without hesitation, as one look into the treacherous-looking faces told him that this was no time for parleying.



Roeske held a gun in his hand, but on Van Dine's command replaced it in his pocket and went to the cash register to seize its contents. In an instant the work was done, he had joined his companion and the two were fleeing up the street, after warning the victim that a shout from him would bring instant death.

Again the street cars favored the daring bandits. One came clanging to the corner just as they reached it, and it was boarded before it had time to slacken its speed.

That night Roeske's vacation commenced, for even the rapacious Van Dine admitted that the proceeds from the robbery had enabled him to gain the sum he had set as necessary for his needs.

A few days later the latter again appeared in a new suit of clothing, but Roeske wore the same shabby, unkept suit, the same frayed shirt and battered hat. His libations in the saloons he was wont to frequent, however, showed that in his own way he was gaining full enjoyment from his ill-gotten gains.



## CHAPTER VI.

HOLD UP GORSKI'S SALOON—GORSKI SHOT—NIEDERMEIER  
DISCUSSES CASE WITH OFFICERS—MARX INSTRUCTS  
ROESKE—LA GROSSE AND JOHNSON KILLED.

Perhaps in all the escapades of the bandits, no man came nearer death and yet lived to tell the tale than did Peter Gorski, a saloon keeper whose place at 2611 Milwaukee avenue was robbed by Niedermeier and Van Dine on the night of July 20, 1903.

As darkness lowered over the streets, the two bandits walked up on opposite sides, watching pedestrians and waiting for a favorable moment. Finally, after the patrolman on the beat had given his "pull" and had ample time to reach a distant portion of his district, the time came.

No customers were in the saloon when the two men entered and gave the customary cry of "hands up!"

Peter Gorski was no coward. Perhaps he did not realize that he was confronted by two of the most desperate men living; perhaps had he realized it, he would



have been just as prompt in action. Almost with the command in his ears, he turned sidewise to seize a revolver which he had lying behind the bar.

"Bang!" One shot rang out from Niedermeier's gun and a bullet whizzed completely through Gorski's face, but a fraction of an inch from a vital spot, and he fell to the floor. Dazed and senseless he lay while his till was robbed of \$100 and the two men made their escape.

The hue and cry were behind them on this occasion, however, for hardly had they left the scene of the robbery before Gorski revived and gave the alarm. The police were close at hand, and for hours thereafter there was a time of fright for the idlers and loiterers of the vicinity.

Spurred on by the realization that all this reign of terror was steadily on the increase, the officers went over clew after clew and throughout the city slums arrested men who answered the descriptions of the highwaymen as given by Gorski. Little did they dream, however, that sleeping in homes where their parents would have believed such things impossible, were the two youths for whom they were searching.

The next morning, Niedermeier talked for half an hour with the policeman in his home district, with



whom he was well acquainted, and expressed great indignation that the police were unable to capture the daring robbers.

"I think they ought to get those fellows and hang them without a trial," he said. "It's getting so bad that, honestly, I am afraid to stay out late nights any more for fear some hold-up will either shoot me or 'beat me up,' thinking I have money in my clothes."

The officer laughed and pursued his way after saying: "No one who knew you, Pete, would hold you up, because they would know that you never had more than four dollars at a time in your life."

Days followed when the bandits reveled in pool-playing, drinking and carousing. Long before this Roeske was again without funds and had borrowed repeatedly small sums from the other criminals, until they became tired of it. He became the most insistent on the progress of their career and would daily report places where hold-ups could be made at a profit. His companions, however, distrusted him and feared that, through his readiness to shoot, he would sooner or later get them into trouble too serious to escape.

The next hold-up was planned for the night of August 2.

On that fateful night, at 2120 West North avenue,



Benjamin La Grosse, a saloon keeper, and Adolph Johnson were sitting at a small table as the last customer departed.

"I can't sleep tonight," said Johnson; "let's play a game of 'seven up.'"

La Grosse assented and produced from behind the bar a deck of cards, and for some time the men sat laughing, playing a game which was a favorite with them until the hour waxed late. Pedestrians no longer trampled to and fro along the pavements, and except for a few belated customers who dropped in for a "night-cap" the saloon was unfrequented.

Suddenly the front door was opened silently and two masked men stealthily entered. So still was their entrance that the squeaking of the swinging doors was the first sound that betrayed their presence. The saloon keeper naturally thinking he was confronted by two late customers, turned expectantly.

His idea was speedily dissipated, however, by the action of Van Dine, who quickly whipped two menacing revolvers from his pockets and held them over the two men.

"Don't make a move," he exclaimed, "or you are dead men."

As he spoke he walked toward them, his eyes glit-



tering coldly, while behind him stood the ready Niedermeier, prepared at an instant's notice to assume his part in the battle, if one came.

"What do you want?" demanded La Grosse, as he hesitated, half-arisen from his chair.

"We want your hands up," replied the steady voice of Van Dine.

La Grosse failed to comply, while his bewildered companion started to rise from his seat.

"Bang—bang!"

Almost as one report the two revolvers in Van Dine's hands barked out. The sound of a fall followed as Johnson, shot through the stomach, pitched forward to the floor, in the first throes of death.

"My God, you have killed me!" exclaimed La Grosse as he staggered toward the door, clutching wildly with his hands as though for support.

"Give it to him again," yelled Niedermeier. "If you don't he'll get away."

Again the crash of the revolver resounded through the room. It was enough. La Grosse dropped like a shot in the doorway, his feet moving convulsively.

"Get the cash, quick!" yelled Van Dine, as he took a glimpse into the face of the fallen Johnson. "We'll





The tragic deaths of La Grosse and Johnson.







have the cops here in half a minute, and want to make a quick 'get-away.' ”

A volley of curses followed this remark, as Niedermeier discovered that there were but a few dollars in the till.

“Go through those fellows’ pockets,” he called, “while I make a search and see if there isn’t some money around some of these books or bottles.

As he made the search, Van Dine stooped over his victims and searched their pockets for whatever loose change they might have, but he too turned away dissatisfied.

Hark! A noise of a whistle of warning from far up the street. Another and yet another, more hastily given.

“The cops!” fairly shrieked Niedermeier, and together they desisted from further search and dashed into the street.

“This way—this way!” called Van Dine to Niedermeier as the latter turned toward a main thoroughfare. Down a side street the two fiends ran at full speed, their feet awaking the echoes of the night until they went out on to the block pavement where the sound was deadened.

As they approached Division street they abruptly



ceased running and walked out to the main line of travel.

A short distance in front of them walked two familiar figures. Keeping a considerable distance apart, they traversed several blocks before joining each other in a hallway. Roeske and Marx, who had awaited their coming, eagerly listened to the story of the night's murderous work. Before the tale was completed, and as though in verification of the story, the clanging of an ambulance driven at reckless speed smote the night air and passed the dark doorway in which they were sheltered, sprang the horses, urged forward by their driver, while seated beside him and also clinging to the rear, were numerous blue coated officers.

Even then, this band of hardened, calloused criminals regarded the dark deeds of the night as nothing more than trivial incidents, and after naming a meeting place for the following day chose different directions, Van Dine carelessly whistling as he left his companions in crime.

As he entered his room cautiously and lighted the gas he smiled at the recollection of La Grosse's dying fall, and tossed from the center table a Bible that had been given him by his mother,



His **unawakened** or dead conscience caused him no trouble, as the evening's episodes passed before his memory in review. He afterward admitted that the lack of more booty occupied his consideration more than the thought that he had that night assisted in hurrying two innocent men to the grave.

He afterward admitted, too, that within a few minutes he was sleeping as soundly as though no burden of taint rested upon his blackened soul.



## CHAPTER VII.

VAN DINE PLANS TO KILL AN OLD TIME FRIEND—BADLY  
WORRIED—ABANDONS PLAN—TAKES BLOODY OATH  
ON BIBLE—PLAN CAR-BARN ROBBERIES.

Notwithstanding his peaceful sleep that night, Van Dine was worried; not because of the crimes he had committed, but because of something which he had failed to mention to his companions. It was this:

Even at the hour when the La Grosse hold-up and double murder had taken place, a young woman was passing on her way home from a late visit to a friend. She had been an old-time acquaintance of Van Dine.

As they dashed from the saloon, Van Dine in one hurried glance had seen her standing, gazing with horrified eyes on the scene within. He felt that now, if never before, he stood in risk of detection.

His nature was such that he boldly took the only course by which he could possibly prove or disprove his suspicions, and therefore visited her the day following the crime,



"Hello, Fanny," he said, briskly accosting her and narrowly watching her face.

"Why, hello, Harvey," she answered, and with her friendliness vanished Van Dine's fear.

"I am so nervous today," she said, "that I can hardly speak steadily. I saw that dreadful hold-up at that saloon last night, and saw the robbers shooting down those poor fellows. I was so terribly frightened I couldn't move until after they started for the door, when I ran down the street looking for a police officer."

"What kind of looking fellows were they?" asked Van Dine, as though from idle curiosity.

"Oh, one was about your size, but I didn't get a good look at him, as I was watching the other robber," she answered. And then at Van Dine's solicitation she detailed that portion of the tragedy which she had witnessed, but in no wise implicating her listener, who stood as though merely anxious to hear details of a story of which the whole city was talking.

Van Dine asked many questions, and at times laughed at her fears. He skillfully turned the conversation into other channels and soon took his departure.

"I wonder now if I really know all she knows," he muttered to himself as he hesitated a short distance down the street from the place of the conversation.



"I would hate to have to kill Fannie," he continued ruminatively, "but if it comes to a 'show down' where it's her life or mine, I guess I'll have to do the job."

For once in his life the bandit had come to a place where he hesitated. For hours he walked idly to and fro on the streets, or sauntered aimlessly through a little park, trying to decide whether it were better to take no chance of her becoming suspicious of him, or to let the matter rest.

At times it seemed there could be but one course, and that was to watch for her as she returned from a late call, or possibly from work, waylay and kill her, thus forever stilling her tongue and sending her secret with her to the grave. Cold sweat broke out on his face at the thought, but the look of determination that settled around his mouth belied any kindness.

"It's my only way," he muttered to himself, "and the sooner I do it the sooner I'll have it over with;" and he retraced his steps towards her residence with the idea of finding a suitable place for the commission of his crime.

The merry whistling of a girl sounded behind him and he turned to face the girl of whom he was thinking.

"Why, how you started," she said, and her laughter rippled out like falling water.





Van Dine contemplating another murder.







"Harvey, I honestly believe you are in love. Come on, now, and tell me all about who she is. We are too old friends for you to keep secrets from me," and she linked her arm through his and danced along at his side.

Van Dine, conscience-smitten for once, and over no deed which had been consummated, but rather over one contemplated, wiped his forehead and felt as though a great burden had been lifted. He felt the silliness of his suspicions, and all the old trust came back to him. Here was a friend whom he could trust, and who never in a measure, even, connected him with the bloody deeds of the night before. His spirits arose and he gaily joked with her, passing a few minutes in a few minutes in friendly banter before separating from friendly banter before separating from her.

Little did she dream, as she pursued her homeward way, how fate had been entangled in the syllables of her answers. Little did she think that by her side had walked and laughed one who, but the instant before, had been choosing a place for her untimely and violent death.

Within an hour Van Dine had joined Niedermeier and Marx. He still looked shaken from his recent experiences, and when his comrades began to question



him regarding his careworn face, he told them he wanted to have a quiet talk with them.

"You fellows come to my room this evening," he said, "as there won't be anyone home then, and we can talk without being heard. I've had something happen to me that has set me to thinking, and I want you to think, too."

The looks of carelessness vanished from their faces.

"Shall we get Roeske?" asked Niedermeier.

"No," was the reply. "I've got about enough of him. He is too dirty, and is always drunk."

"That's right," assented Marx. "I gave him some money to get a new suit of clothes the other day, and saw that he bought and put them on. Today I see he has on the same old dirty suit and hat, and when I went for him about it, I found that he had sold the new suit to get money to buy booze with. He's got to cut that out if he wants to stay with us."

That night the conspirators, singly, arrived at Van Dine's home, where they were met and escorted to the latter's room. In the room were many little decorations placed by loving hands, including old-fashioned mottoes bearing scriptural quotations, a beautiful Bible on a center table, photographs of friends and relatives





Plotting in Van Dine's bed-room. Showing the famous hangman's noose, which the superstitious police unknotted.







in groups, and on his dresser a picture of one of his sweethearts.

But with it all and interspersed in a careless way, were other curios which betokened the taste of the owner. A rough rider's suit, showing wear; ball bats and Indian clubs; boxing gloves twisted round shining foils, and festooned over the chandelier—a most gruesome relic—a hangman's rope that had been used at a state execution, and which had been given him by a friend of his at Springfield.

Niedermeier and Marx joked about the noose and laughed at Van Dine's serious face. Apparently they had no thought that such a noose would ever be knotted for their own necks.

Van Dine took the matter seriously and opened conversation.

"Look here, you fellows," he said, in low tones, as the three bent over the table on which lay the Bible given him by his mother, "I have had a bad shake-up." And then he told them of his experience with Fanny.

"This thing has set me to thinking. I'm not afraid of either of you fellows, but I am going to cut Roeske out, except on special occasions where I can't get along without him. I want you to promise me that



no matter what happens, we are willing to stand by each other to the death, through thick and thin, whether on the scaffold or in velvet."

"Why, sure," the others assented. "Of course we will agree to that."

"Swear it," said Van Dine, thrusting the Bible before them. All three placed their hands on the Bible and swore never to betray each other, and that in the commission of further crimes each was to do his share and divide the money equally with the others. That if any one of the three were taken, the others were to liberate him.

Tinged with the romance of early novels, all took the oath in fantastic form, each pledging his hope of life and the hereafter to faithfully fulfill the obligations.

Travesty of travesties! Three bandits, blood-stained and callous, swearing by their hope of Heaven, swearing upon a Bible, beneath a festooned hangman's noose.

Could anything be more inconsistent, more appalling? And yet there is no doubt that these same cowardly criminals, even at that desperate time of their career, were in earnest, as is shown by subsequent events.



They then fell to a discussion of their past crimes and the planning of future attempts in outlawry.

Van Dine said that he was tired of "petty thieving," as he called it, and wanted to do something big. "Anybody can hold up a saloon," he said, "but it isn't every one that has the coin. Let's get something big."

They discussed train robbery, and from that the conversation led to other things. Finally street cars were spoken of, and in an instant the three men were looking at each other with the same idea. It was that they should rob no less a place than a car barn, a place seemingly impregnable.

The inducements for such a bold move were that the car barns were as a rule isolated, and that at the close of almost any night's business there could be found a large sum of money on hand. Sunday night was suggested as being the best, for the murderous robbers believed that on week days the proceeds of the day's business would be deposited in the banks, while Sunday made such a course impossible.

Thus was hatched the crime which was to startle the world by its daring, and which was really to end in the capture of the bandits.



## CHAPTER VIII.

STUDY CAR-BARNS—DECIDE TO ROB ROGERS PARK—BAF-  
FLED—MARX AND ROESKE FIGHT—NEARLY AN-  
OTHER MURDER—VAN DINE INTERFERES—  
ROESKE OUT.

As though making a census of the car barns of the city, the three allies, sworn and bound together, sought every station in the great city whose teeming millions were to be awakened but little later as the result of their efforts.

Car barn after car barn was selected and each proved not the one, but finally a selection was made.

The traveler approaching Rogers Park on the electric line will remember the long, lonely stretch, the double turn and isolated location of that car barn. Here would be the ideal place. It had all opportunities for a speedy and successful escape; there were two railways upon which to ride back to the city, and divers saloons, roadhouses, and other resorts that could afford temporary shelter en route in case the chase grew fast and furious.



In the middle of August it was decided that this was to be the place, and the time, midnight. Days of effort produced careful plans of the streets adjoining, the places of secretion, the routes to be traversed to shelter, and maps of even the barn itself.

The three desperadoes took a car to the scene and rode through to Rogers Park, riding in different cars and getting off at different streets. They deployed and met in the darkness near the scene of the intended robbery. Secure in a point of observation, they watched the cashier at his work, but to their sorrow and disappointment they saw that the money he had on hand was apparently small, and mostly in coin which would be difficult to carry in flight and hard to dispose of.

A whispered consultation followed, and the trio decided to make the attempt. As they were preparing for the charge, four motormen, athletic, brawny and talking loud, swung into the office, and as the bandits watched with bated breath, took from their pockets weapons which they began cleaning and examining. In a few minutes more they were joined by two others.

Outside, the "Magazine Trio," for such they now styled themselves, tugged at each other's sleeves, and



baffled in their attempt, decided to return to the city. It was proposed that they come back some other night, but all seemed to have lost belief in the results of robbing the Rogers Park barn. They had learned to their sorrow that the men running on that line were armed, and also, that the proceeds were not so great as they had believed.

A dispute arose, which was settled by Marx, who for days thereafter rode to and fro on the different cars, checking in his own way the receipts and learning the company's methods of depositing. He finally admitted that the amount to be secured would hardly justify the risk, and the Rogers Park plan was abandoned.

The barns at Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, next attracted their attention, and here again days were passed in the campaign. They all agreed reluctantly that the chances of escape after the robbery would be very few, and once again gave up the attempt.

Then came that day when Niedermeier and Marx walked past the car barns at Sixty-first and State streets. Not a word was spoken. Each looked into the other's eyes and knew that there was where the robbery was to be committed.

Again came the weary days of watching, counting



the proceeds, mapping the surroundings and arranging the details, and in this work Marx proved the master mind.

In a little room at Van Dine's home, the three planned the attack. Van Dine had come into possession of a sledge hammer, which he had stolen from the C. & N. W. railway, and it was decided that this would be necessary to break doors with.

Even then there came an interruption that promised for a time to overthrow the car-barn robbery. It was Roeske.

"You fellows are up to something and are cutting me out of it," he grumbled one day to Marx, as the latter met him in a saloon.

"Why shouldn't we cut you out?" came back the answer cold as steel and as keen as the ping of a bullet.

"You aren't in my class. You are a dirty bum. You never dress decent, and all you do with money when you get it is to get drunk."

"Oh, come on in here until I talk to you," said Roeske, leading the way into the back room of the saloon.

Marx unhesitatingly followed. As he entered the



room he stopped short as he was confronted by Roeske with a drawn revolver.

"Gus, you can't fool me," Roeske hissed between clenched teeth. "If you fellows think you can throw me down, all you have to do is to try it on. I'll shoot you if necessary, and if that won't work I will hand you up to the police."

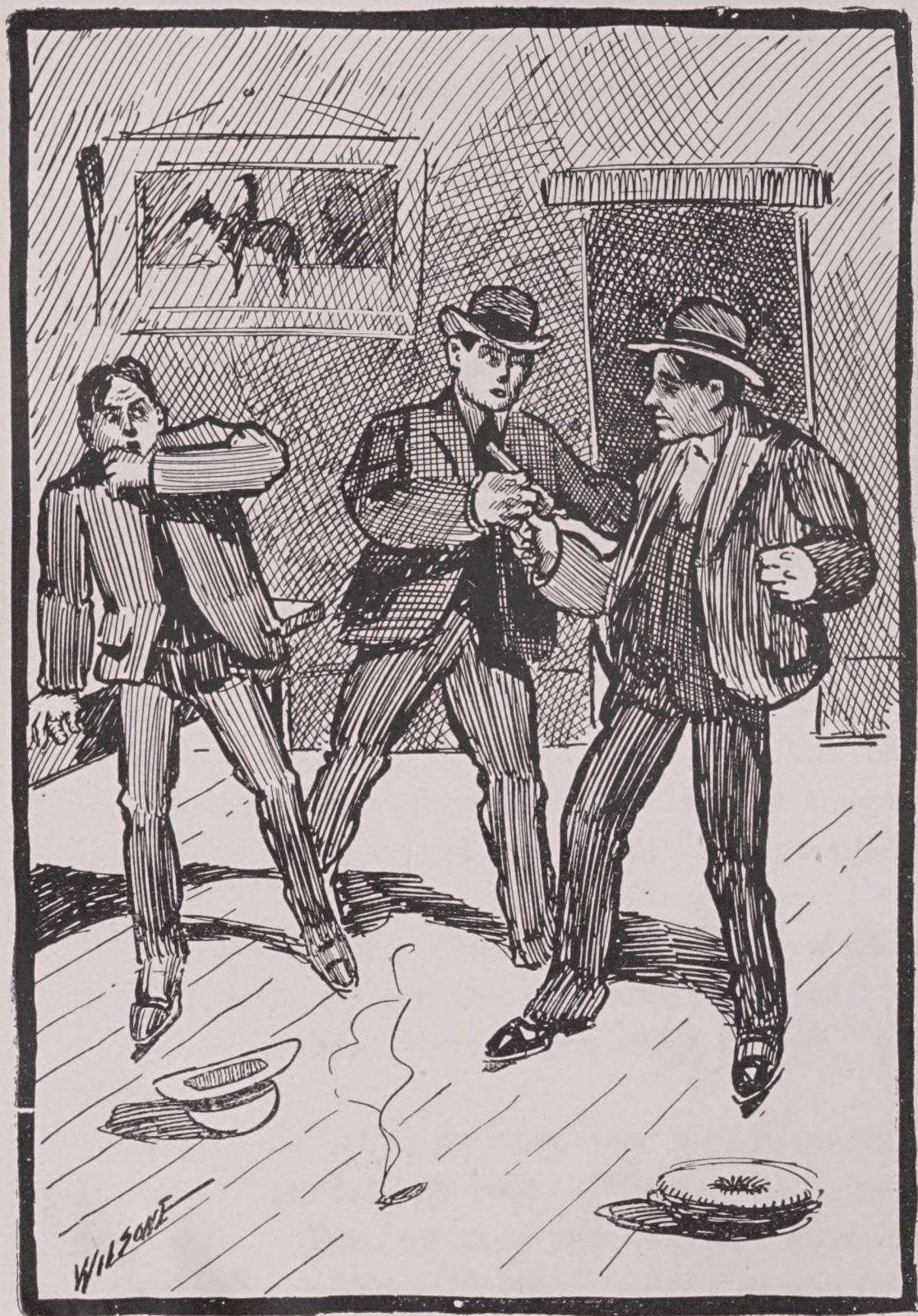
Before Roeske could raise a hand or pull the trigger of his weapon, Marx hurled himself forward like a catapult, full upon his weaker adversary and a battle for the possession of the gun began. Grimly they fought, with no outcry for mercy or hope of interference. Marx succeeded in overpowering his adversary and securing possession of the gun. He twisted his opponent's wrist behind him and pressed the muzzle of the weapon to his forehead with a look in his eyes that showed the tiger had awakened within him.

No one knows what the outcome of that brief affray would have been, had not the door at that instant opened from without, and a voice said in low, sibilant tones, "What are you fellows doing?"

Marx released his gasping antagonist to find himself confronted by Van Dine.

"He drew a gun on me and I took it away from him," said Marx, still toying with the weapon and cast-





Van Dine prevents Marx from murdering Roeske.







ing a gaze on the panting Roeske which boded the latter no good.

"Well, you fellows don't dare to fight," insisted Van Dine. "If you do, it's all off with all of us."

"I'll kill him as I would a dog, the dirty bum," asserted Marx, glaring coldly at his former comrade. "He's nothing but a 'moocher,' and if we don't kill him, sooner or later he'll give us all away."

Again Van Dine showed his foxiness by pressing a button in the wall, whereupon Marx speedily concealed the weapon in his pocket before the white-clad waiter entered.

"Give us three big drinks of beer," said Van Dine as he motioned the others to seats. He cast a significant glance at Marx and nudged his foot beneath the table.

"You were wrong, Emil," he said. "We wouldn't think of doing a thing that you were not in on."

"But you fellows have money and I haven't," protested Roeske.

"The reason is that we don't blow ours in on booze as you do," replied Van Dine. "When we get money we keep it. You get your fair 'cut' and then turn around and gamble and drink it. After that you come



to us and expect us to let you have our money. It doesn't go with us."

Van Dine continued in this strain for several minutes, until Roeske, his suspicions allayed, agreed that he had been in error and extended his hand to Marx, who shook it as though nothing had passed between them.

Both Marx and Van Dine gave Roeske some small change, ordered another round of drinks and left the saloon. As they walked up the street Van Dine was the first to speak.

"Gus," he said, "sooner or later we've either got to get Roeske out of the country or kill him." Marx looked into his face and knew from that time on what was liable to be Roeske's fate.

An hour later Van Dine recounted the quarrel to Niedermeier, and the latter, too, sat silent and glowering.

They tacitly agreed that Roeske should not be taken into the car-barn deal, as they were afraid his share of the sum of money they expected to get would, in its reckless expenditure, attract attention and prove their betrayal.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ESCAPE FROM THE CAR-BARN—DEATH READY WAITING ITS VICTIM.

“Did you get it all, Harvey?”

“I got all the greenbacks and all the silver I could carry.”

“Where’s Pete?”

“Here I am,” came the answer from close at hand.

In hasty whispers three shadowy figures engaged in the above conversation in the dark recesses of the Sixty-first street car-barns that fateful Sunday morning in August. Almost within touching distance of them, the life blood of their four victims was rapidly ebbing away.

It was the moment following the bloody tragedy in the cashier’s office, with which this history opens. In that tense moment, however, there was but little excitement on the part of the murderers; no jostling, no indecision. Everything proceeded with as much regularity and system as if rehearsed beforehand.



The escape of the outlaws in the midst of the alarm was accomplished with as much coolness and precision as though they had merely been enacting a tragedy on the stage instead of taking part in one of grim reality. A game of life and death, with the balance, for the time at least, overwhelmingly on their side.

Action now was all that was needed—action swift and sure—and their safety from discovery seemed almost certain. The fact that they had carefully planned this important feature of their heinous deed, had drafted plans of the barns by daylight and maps of the surrounding streets, vacant lots and alleys, gave them such familiarity with their environment that they moved quickly and without hesitation, even amid the inky gloom which surrounded them.

By this time the "Magazine Trio," as they styled themselves, had made of murder and robbery almost a mere habit. In this nefarious work they seldom erred. They took no chance of imperiling their own lives and preferred cowardly and uncalled-for murder to even the slightest chance of detection.

Through the lavatory at the rear of the car barn they silently slipped. Out of the window, Niedermeier and Marx helped Van Dine for fear that in using his right arm in the effort to clamber through, he might



lose some of the blood-purchased money, which he so tightly hugged.

With swift and silent steps the three desperadoes fled across vacant lots toward Sixty-first street. So intent were they on flight that they did not slacken their speed as they approached the thoroughfare.

It was only when cautioned by Marx that they ceased running and adopted a more leisurely gait, that they might avoid attracting attention from the driver of a milk-wagon who was enroute to the city on his morning rounds.

"Let's get off this street," said Marx.

"No," protested Niedermeier, "There's no one in sight, and we can go faster here than on a side street."

Suddenly around a corner came the glare of cab-lights. Niedermeier with unparalleled brazenness, suggested, that as they had money they hail the cab.

"No, you fool," ejaculated Marx, "We'll carry out the original plan and go to the park."

"But there's no one in sight toward town."

"That makes no difference, we know the country where we're going and there's no use in taking chances."

"So do we know the country where we could go, and I tell you there's no one in sight."



The discussion was ended by Van Dine agreeing with Marx and the flight toward Jackson Park was continued.

Fearing to break into a dead run, lest policemen should suddenly loom up out of the gloom, they proceeded at a fast walk. At every step one of the fugitives looked back anxiously to see whether there was any signs of pursuit.

"If we get into that park before some one stops us, we'll be lucky," remarked Van Dine in a whisper.

"That racket back there sounds as though something was doing," responded Niedermeier, "and it's a sure thing they'll be spreading out all over town in a few minutes."

Behind them they could hear the clanging of patrol wagon and ambulance gongs. Realizing that this had been their most desperate affair, possibly a fourfold murder, and keyed to a tensivity of excitement rarely attained by them, the bandits even in this hurried flight were fearful of every sound and every shadow.

Each electric light became a menace, each reflection from its glare a pursuing form. They slackened their pace, only when passing a light, and even then skulked through shadows as though feeling that watchful eyes were upon them. In the long stretches of darkness



they fled pantingly with the stride of trained athletes, half believing that in that ever-diminishing sound of confusion behind them, was the menace of pursuit.

Time and again they sprang affrighted from the direct path fancying that behind trees or posts lurked waiting patrolmen. Surely "the guilty flee when no man pursueth." From the strain and exertion they did not slacken and they became too intent upon escape to waste breath in conversation.

Occasionally, however, an exclamation of alarm would escape one of the fleeing bandits and he would stop in his tracks. The others would immediately follow his example and draw their ever-ready pistols.

After they had hurried along for several blocks Marx halted.

"What's that?" he whispered hoarsely.

Niedermeier and Van Dine flattened themselves against the dark wall of a building.

"Hold onto the coin whatever happens," cautioned Marx. "If we're found it'll be all up with us anyway, so we might as well make a fight for it."

In the distance could be heard the unmistakable sound of rumbling wheels and the clattering of hoofs.

"It's probably an ambulance on the way to some hospital," suggested Van Dine.



"Maybe someone has seen us and the patrol wagon is on our trail loaded with policemen," ventured Neidermeier.

"If that's the case," said Marx, "the best thing we can do is to take to an alley and try to get into a barn or shed somewhere."

"Yes, and soon it'll be daylight and then we'll have a fine time making our 'get-a-way'. A man won't be able to walk on the street tomorrow without taking chances on being stopped and questioned by detectives. They'll turn out the whole force and arrest everyone in town that can't give a good account of himself."

"Well, we might make a run ahead of the wagon until we come to a good dark place somewhere and lie quiet until it goes by."

"Yes, and suppose the wagon stops and about twenty-five officers spread out all of a sudden, and begin poking into every shadow in this end of town. They'll get us like rats in a trap."

"Listen! how far away do you think it is?"

The outlaws strained their ears in the direction of the sound that had alarmed them.

"It's fainter," declared Van Dine exultantly, "they're going the other way."



Thus another fortunate circumstance favored the murderers.

Several other frights were visited upon them during the remainder of the trip to the park, but no person was encountered. It had been agreed that if they were challenged by any single person, they would unhesitatingly shoot to kill.



## CHAPTER X.

JACKSON PARK AT DAWN—DIVIDING THE MONEY—  
PLANS LAID FOR MEETING NEXT DAY—THE  
TRIP DOWN TOWN.

It is perhaps one of the strange freaks of fate that no early-rising health seeker chanced to pass one particular bit of shrubbery in Jackson Park as the light of breaking day dispelled the gloom of that bloody night. For death would certainly have been dealt to the person who had stumbled upon that little group of reclining youths as they set about the pleasurable task of separating and counting the fruits of their murderous foray.

Their pistols, handy beside them on the grass, Neidermeier and Marx looked on with eager eyes as Van Dine's muscular fingers plunged themselves again and again into the pile of crumpled bank notes as he deliberately told off into separate piles, a larger amount of cash than any of them had ever had at one time before.





Jackson Park at Dawn. Dividing the Spoils of the car barn raid.







"One hundred for me, one hundred for you and one hundred for Pete," said the cashier of the party, with no thought of that other cashier, who only a few short hours before had counted the same bills and practically for that counting, lost his life.

The others said not a word. They only glared greedily at the pile of money before them and carefully watched the count of their confederate to see that he made no mistake.

"Two hundred for you, two hundred for me and two hundred for Pete," again came the voice of the bandit leader.

"This is something like it," finally broke in Marx, "I knew we could do better than holding up cheap saloonkeepers, if we only tried. Go ahead."

At last the count was finished.

"Count it over now, boys," said Van Dine, with a satisfied air, "and see that you haven't been flim-flammed. You each ought to have nearly twelve hundred."

The second count completed, Marx said:

"Now that you fellows see how easy it is to pull off big jobs, what shall we do next?"

"Hold up a train," promptly suggested Neidermeier.

"Sure thing," assented Van Dine. "We can rob



trains even easier than we robbed that barn last night. By the way, I wonder if those men we shot are all dead."

"O, we'll find out soon enough when we get down town. There'll be extra papers out."

"How about scattering?"

"What's the use of scattering?" remarked Neidermeier and Marx agreed with him. Each fiend felt the need of the others' support.

"Let's meet over at my house tomorrow," said Van Dine and the others agreeing, the trio walked over to Cottage Grove Avenue and boarded a car bound for the city.

They chatted freely and laid plans for future deeds as the car sped down town, boasted of their individual parts in the tragedy of the night before and declared they were through with "small game" from that time on. Thereafter nothing short of thousands would satisfy, or attract them to commit an act of robbery. They were affluent and happy, with no thought of the sorrow they had left behind them on the south side—no remorse in the voice or words of either.

Arriving at Madison street, they left the cable-car. On every hand they heard naught on people's tongues except the desperate raid on the Sixty-first street car-



barns the night before. The fact that it had already become a mystery pleased them immensely.

Entering a saloon, they spent the first of their booty for a few rounds of drinks and entered spiritedly into a bar-room conversation in which speculation was rife as to the probability of the murderers being captured.

"They ought to be strung up," indignantly remarked Van Dine to the stranger next to him, at the same time winking slyly at Neidermeier.

"Sure, Mike," retorted Neidermeier.

They imagined in their perverted minds that this was wit.

Leaving the saloon, the three bandits walked over to Clark and Lake streets, where, after chatting for a time on the corner, Van Dine boarded an elevated train and started for his home at 777 North Springfield avenue.

Neidermeier and Marx boarded a car at Washington and Clark streets, within a few feet of the city hall, where the heads of the police department were straining every nerve in an effort to unravel the crime, for which these boys outside the window of detective headquarters were responsible.

Always crafty, these young desperadoes invariably worked on the supposition that to remain in plain sight



was the best means of throwing the sleuth-hounds of the law off their track. As they passed the city hall, a dozen detectives hurried out and scattered in different directions. Some of them even boarded the very car upon which the bandits were riding.

"If I But Knew," hummed Neidermeier, quoting a popular song and glancing significantly at the detectives. It was another cheap attempt at levity. All too soon their careless joking was to be turned to lamentation.

At Kedzie avenue they transferred to a car which took them to Humboldt Park, where they lolled around for nearly an hour.

Finally Marx expressed a desire to eat.

Acting on the suggestion, they boarded a car and, with the same cunning that had characterized their every move since their career of bloodshed and robbery began, they dropped off in the shadow of the Desplaines street police station to break their fast. Entering a restaurant, they each devoured more than a dollar's worth of the best viands on the bill.

Their repast over, the two outlaws again rode boldly to the city hall corner, walked over to the Lake street elevated station and boarded a west bound train.

They rode to the end of the line and then came back



down town, where they spent an hour or two in a bowling alley, enjoying a sociable game and discussing the car barn murders with other persons in the place.

When the two separated for the day, Marx, with his usual contempt for the police, rented a room in West Madison street, near the Desplaines street police station, and Neidermeier wended his way to the family abode at Elston avenue and Diversey boulevard.



## CHAPTER XI.

THE MEETING NEXT DAY—READING PAPERS AND LAUGH-  
ING AT POLICE—TRIP TO DENVER FOR DYNAMITE—  
TRAIN ROBBERY PLANNED—THE FAILURE.

Refreshed by their long sleep, the three bandits met early the next day at the home of Van Dine. After lolling about the house for awhile, and conversing idly with the members of the family, it was suggested that Humboldt Park would be a better place for discussing the business on hand.

Accordingly the three young outlaws made their way thither, purchasing the newspapers on the way and finding keen enjoyment in reading of the misguided and frantic efforts of the police to capture the "Carbarn bandits."

"That's a good title we've got now," said Neidermeier, as he gleefully read the flaring headlines.

"Oh, drop it," said Van Dine, who upon cooler reflection was beginning to be no stranger to a sense of guilt. Marx was interested in the newspaper ac-



counts, detailing the blind efforts and desperation of the police and read with avidity everything obtainable bearing upon the crime. At this period he was apparently the least fearful of the gang of outlaws.

"I don't see how they can fasten any suspicion on us," he said, after perusing a particularly detailed account of plans formulated by the detectives for bringing the criminals to book.

"Unless that milk-wagon driver got a good look at us," said Van Dine, "I don't think there's any chance of anybody getting wise."

"How about the cab-man?" asked Marx.

"Oh, he was half asleep," said Neidermeier, "and never looked our way."

"Well, they're the only two who passed us," said Marx, "and the fellows that lived through the hold-up wouldn't know us because we were masked and Van Dine had a wig to cover his red head."

"It seems they've looked up everybody in town but us," he continued quietly, as he scanned the long list of prisoners upon whom the police pretended or rather imagined they were fastening the guilt for the murders at the car barns.

"But let's get right down to business now," he continued, breaking in on the loud chatterings and guff-



faws of his two companions as they perused the papers further. "Don't believe everything you see in the newspapers anyway."

They all laughed at this sally and then settled themselves to hear what Marx, as the author of "big games" had to say.

"I'll tell you what we'd better do," said Marx. "Now we need dynamite if we intend to do this train robbery business all right, and if we go around town here buying it, the first thing you know we'll be suspected of not being on the square and then it'll be all off. We'll get nailed sure. We can take a little trip out to Cripple Creek, though, and buy the stuff by the ton and nobody'll think anything about it. They use it like dirt out there in the mines. What do you say?"

"That's a good idea," declared Neidermeier, "and besides we are wealthy now and ought to do a little traveling for our health anyway," he added facetiously. "I'll go with you."

"Well," said Van Dine, "suppose you fellows go out there and get the dynamite, while I lie around here and figure on a good train job."

This it was agreed should be the programme and soon afterward Neidermeier and Marx left for Denver on the Northwestern railroad.



Arriving in Denver they purchased two more magazine guns and by their judicious use in the manner best known to men of their stamp, they managed to more than pay the expenses of the trip. Indeed, Colorado proved so alluring to them, that the pair remained around Cripple Creek and Denver for a month.

When they started on the homeward trip, it was with 150 pounds of dynamite in their trunk. Van Dine was overjoyed to see them and assisted in planting the dynamite where it would be dry and safe from detection. Some of it was hidden in the homes of the boys, all unknown to their parents, and the rest under sidewalks and in an old abandoned railroad station near the right of way of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad in the vicinity of Norwood Park.

At this point was an old clay-pigeon shooting range which the bandits had been in the habit of using for a practice ground and where they gained much of their prowess with rifle and revolver. It was while the trio was shooting at targets in this isolated spot one day, that the idea suggested itself, that it would be a good place to accomplish their first train robbery.

Van Dine had not been idle during the absence of his companions and he had faithfully fulfilled his task of gathering valuable pointers regarding the best trains



to hold up. He had discovered that a large amount of money was usually carried on the Twin City Limited of the Northwestern railroad.

"If we can pull off that haul we can go and take a vacation for the rest of our lives," he told his fellow outlaws, "and shake hands with the police forever more."

After deliberating further, however, the gang came to the conclusion that it would be more advisable to try first another train on another road, in order that they might have the advantage of previous practice in their big attempt.

Just at this time it happened that Roeske, through his habits of shiftlessness and improvidence, appealed to his former "pals" to be allowed another opportunity of redeeming himself. He declared that if they would take him into any plans which they might have under way, he would agree to perform any daring deed assigned to him without a whimper.

His pleadings were heeded. A few nights afterward, Roeske was stationed at a lonely spot on the Wisconsin Central railroad, where it crosses the Irving Park boulevard road, near the Desplaines river. The nearest station is Colze. Roeske was provided with a lantern and told to signal the engineer to stop.





The brave engineer drives his iron horse through to safety.







At the point where the train would halt, if the engineer heeded Roeske's signal-light, the other brigands awaited the coming of the fast express, which was due a few minutes after their arrival.

As the headlight of the train hove in sight, Roeske obediently waved his lantern to and fro. Marx, Neidermeier and Van Dine, each clutching a magazine-gun in either hand, waited impatiently for the proper moment to begin their bloody work.

Instead of stopping, however, the engineer of the express train, his trained eye telling him that there was something wrong with the manner in which the wielder of the lantern manipulated it, only turned on more steam and thundered past the spot where the disappointed bandits stood.

Enraged beyond measure at this action of the nervy trainman, the outlaws opened a terrific fire on the engine-cab, but it proved ineffectual and they never learned whether they succeeded in wounding either the engineer or fireman.

"No more attempts like that," said Marx decidedly, as they trudged homeward. "Our practice job has done us some good, you see. Now the next time we'll do the thing up right. We now know how to get the dead drop on those fellows and be where we can shoot



the lives out of them if they don't mind. Roeske, we'll use you yet," he muttered significantly, as the desperadoes, foiled for the first time in their careers, parted for the night.

Roeske somewhat pacified by this overture, did not, however, relinquish his suspicions of his comrades.



## CHAPTER XII.

ROESKE AND WHISKEY THWART DESPERATE TRAIN HOLD-UP—AGAIN IN BAD GRACE—BOLDLY MINGLE WITH PASSENGERS—RIDE WITH WOUNDED FIREMAN.

Little time was lost in planning the big coup on the Northwestern. Nettled by their first failure, the desperadoes were now more determined than ever before to succeed as train robbers. After a few preliminary conferences, at which every detail of the scheme was gone over and studied by the entire quartette, the following course was decided upon:

One member of the band at Clybourn Junction would board the Twin City Flyer, which leaves the Wells street depot at 6:30 o'clock in the evening. He would be armed with two well-tested magazine guns and would secret himself on the tender of the engine.

At a point midway between Jefferson and Norwood parks—the ten-mile board—the other three would be in waiting. Just before reaching the ten-mile board, the bandit on the train would climb over the tender



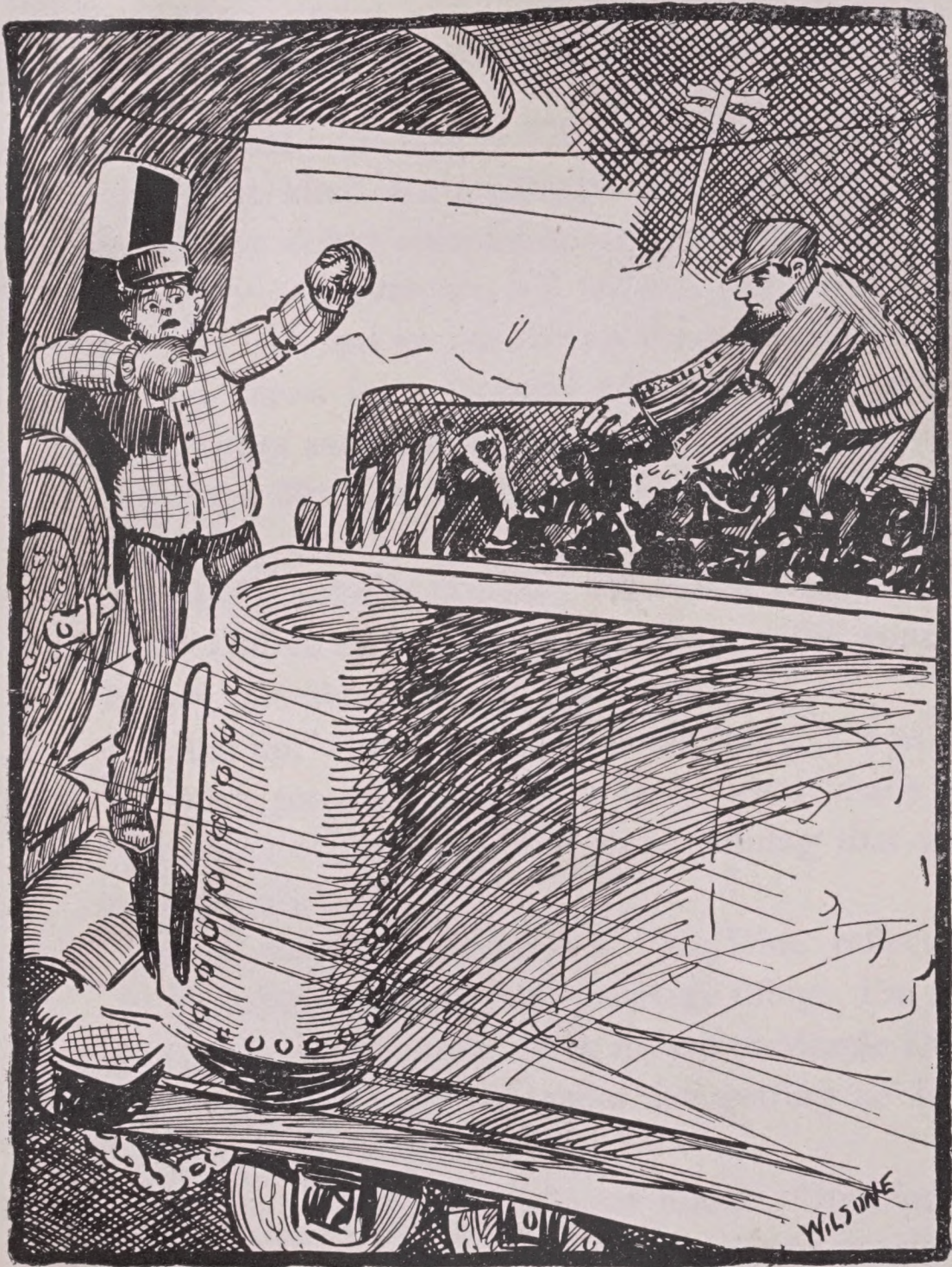
and level his pistols at the engineer and fireman, commanding them upon pain of immediate death, to stop the train instantly.

Forty pounds of dynamite would be secreted at the ten-mile board and when the train came to a halt, the trio on the ground would proceed at once to blow open the express car, regardless of those within, and if threats of death failed to cause the express messengers to open the safe or strong box, dynamite would be used there also.

After the booty, which it was figured would amount to from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, had been secured, the engineer would be forced to break loose from the train and keep on going. If he demurred, death was to be his portion.

"It's a cinch we'll put it over the plate this time good and hard and without a slip," said Marx, grimly, after this plan had been concocted. "And if the haul is a good big one, do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to quit this killing business before I get nabbed. Then I'm going off to some quiet little country town, marry and settle down and have kids and all that. I'll have a nice quiet little home and live the life of a respectable citizen. I'll help pay the preacher's salary and donate large chunks of dough to charity





Roeske's cowardly and ineffectual attempt to intimidate a train crew.  
near Norwood Park.







and all that. Of course I'll stick some of my boodle into some kind of a legitimate little business just for a bluff at doing something. Occasionally when the feeling comes over me, I'll tell my wife good-bye for a day or two and go out and turn a good old-fashioned train or bank job. Nobody will suspect the respectable citizen and pillar of the church, the honorable and respected Mr. Gustave Marx, of being a hold-up man, see?"

"Yes," broke in Roeske, "and then you can dance your children on your knee and tell them the wonderful bloody tale about the car barn bandits—"

"Shut up," retorted the tall bandit hotly. "You don't stand any too good with us, anyway. And what's more you won't either, until you do something that shows you deserve it."

"Yes, Roeske," remarked Van Dine reflectively, "you mustn't kid about this marriage thing. I'm going to get hitched up pretty quick myself to Mamie Dunn."

"Make him ride the tender for getting so fresh," drily broke in Neidermeier.

"That's a good idea," replied Marx. "Just for that, you ride the tender and you do the thing up right or you'll know what's coming to you."

Roeske's eye glittered and he remained sullen the



rest of the day. Until the time appointed for the train robbery, he did not mingle again in the councils of his companions in crime. In the meantime, stinging under the rebuke he had received and the veiled threat of Marx, Roeske spent all of his time drinking in saloons.

When he appeared at Clybourn station to board the tender of the engine drawing the Twin City Flyer, he was besotted with liquor. As the train pulled out, he was at his post.

Chafing impatiently at their station near the ten-mile post, Marx, Neidermeier and Van Dine awaited the arrival of the flyer and the moment they confidently expected was to make them rich for the rest of their lives.

At last the train was heard rumbling in the distance. Soon the headlight appeared, but as it neared them the engine apparently was puffing as hard as ever and showed no signs of slacking.

"The low-lived bum has failed us," cried Marx with a fearful oath.

"I'll bet he got drunk and didn't get on at all," wailed Van Dine.

"Wait until I see that filthy coward," menacingly growled Niedermeier. "I'll fix him for this."



As the engine flashed past, however, a dark figure was seen creeping over the big pile of coal.

"He's there but he's missed his calculations and he's too late," swore Marx.

At that instant there was a flash and a report and a moment later the train began to slacken its speed. Four hundred yards down the track it stopped. Leaving their dynamite behind, the trio ran boldly toward the coaches. Passengers were pouring out of every car and there was confusion about the engine. Lanterns were flitting to and fro and a crowd was gathered about a circle of light next the engine.

"It's no use now, boys," groaned Van Dine. "We'd have to kill a thousand people to do anything now. Let's see what that fool Roeske has done."

Shoving their pistols in their pockets they coolly mingled with the excited passengers and trainmen.

"What's the matter?" they asked.

"Why a train robber climbed over the tender and shot the fireman down in cold blood," said a man in the crowd.

"Is he killed?"

"No. but he's hurt pretty badly. Several doctors were on the train and they are taking the poor man back into one of the sleeping cars."

"That's too bad," asserted Van Dine.



110 THWART DESPERATE TRAIN HOLD-UP.

"Yes, it's too bad in more ways than one," meaningly responded Marx. "By the way, did they capture the miscreant who did the shooting?"

"No, he escaped."

In the excitement, the three angry outlaws boarded the train and rode to Norwood Park. They returned to Chicago on the local train which brought back the wounded fireman.

After this last misdeed Roeske kept carefully at a distance from his former companions. They were infuriated at his cowardice in failing to obey orders and he feared, as he afterward stated, that they would murder him at the first opportunity.



## CHAPTER XIII.

ANXIOUS DAYS—FEAR OF DETECTION GROWS UPON THE  
OUTLAWS—FUNDS HOLD OUT WELL—SOLACE IS  
FOUND IN DRINK.

The six weeks following the ineffectual attempt to rob the Twin City Flyer, were weeks of comparative idleness for such usually busy desperadoes as the car-barn bandits. Supplied with plenty of funds as the result of the murders committed at the car-barns, they had no reason to worry over financial matters, and therefore, their minds did not turn to crime during that period.

Besides, the actions of Roeske, whom they seldom heard from, gave the "Magazine Trio" much concern. Roeske was putting in his time about saloons and was drinking heavily. It was feared by the others that he would make some false "break" while in his cups, which would mean discovery and instant arrest for the entire gang.



Neidermeier, Van Dine and Marx trusted each other implicitly, however, and each felt abundantly able to take care of himself in case the police should surprise him. All went about with their trusty automatic guns in readiness to shoot at a moment's notice.

Hundreds of rounds of cartridges were purchased by the trio, and their chief diversion during these days of inactivity consisted in occasional trips to their isolated shooting range, the old abandoned clay-pigeon park out on the Northwestern railroad, the scene of their bitterly disappointing effort at train robbery, which had been balked by the bibulous Roeske.

Meantime, the boys were all leading model lives at home. They were free with their money in the family circle, made gifts to their mothers, defrayed household expenses and generally acted in a manner which was all that could be desired. It was not through motives of decency, however, that they acted thus, but rather as a well planned method of eluding police suspicion.

They explained their possession of ready cash by the statement that they had saved up a little money and made some small but fortunate mining investments in western properties.

Clandestinely, however, they turned their homes into veritable arsenals. The lofts of their homes and even



their barns were stocked with pistols, rifles and an abundance of ammunition. Van Dine and Neidermeier even went to the extent of cutting loopholes under the eaves of their homes, in order, if necessary, to withstand a siege by the police. They kept their arms with them by night and day and most of the time two of them slept together.

Their principal enjoyment remained, however, the reading of the occasional references in the newspapers to their deeds. Many a hearty laugh they indulged in as they read, day after day, of the strenuous effort of the authorities to fasten guilt for the car-barn murders on some criminal or suspected crook, who had fallen into the hands of the police.

Although it is not definitely known whether they actually left the city during this time, it is thought highly probable by the police, that they occasionally took trips to other towns and committed small depredations, because after their capture, information came from Cincinnati, Cleveland and several other places, to the effect that the authorities there were sure the "Magazine Trio" had committed crimes within their confines. It is known, through the personal statement of Marx, that he visited Cleveland and there purchased two magazine guns.



The outlaws found considerable amusement in bowling alleys and billiard halls, and as is usual with idle young men plentifully supplied with funds, they did more drinking than they had ever done before.

Social pleasures also came in for a share of their attention and each of the bandits became involved in one or more affairs of the heart. Always well-dressed and of natures which appealed strongly to the fair sex, their conquests were easy.

Van Dine became engaged to marry a handsome young woman upon whom his mother looked with much favor. Perhaps it was because they now had plenty of time to think over and consider the enormity of their deeds and the punishment which awaited them if they were captured, that often led them to discuss such a contingency as one of their number falling into the hands of the police.

After looking at the subject from all angles, it was finally decided that in the event of either being accosted by the police, he would consider it incumbent on him to shoot the officer or detective in his tracks. It was this very cowardly plan, that eventually led to their undoing and their regretful admission at too late a day, that "murder does not pay."

In case one of them should be surprised and cap-



tured by strategy or taken through accident, it was agreed that the other two would move heaven and earth to liberate him. They still had the dynamite safely stowed away, and carefully they planned the course to be taken, should it become necessary to rescue one of the band from the clutches of the law.

This foolishly child-like and impractical scheme was for the blowing up of the station-house or jail, in which the prisoner was confined, the assassination of those who held him captive and the murder of the officers who effected the capture.

Meantime, in their aimless ramblings, they often came in contact with the police, many of whom they had known since their innocent school days. Often they chatted amiably with detectives and bluecoats on street corners, giving no sign by word or action that would tend to cast suspicion upon themselves in any way.

On several occasions the maintenance of this apparent unconcern sorely tried even their daring natures. For instance, Marx, Van Dine and Neidermeier were walking in Addison avenue one night after leaving a dance in a near-by hall.

The night was dark, and there had been a hold-up in the neighborhood but a quarter of an hour previous.



The three were walking abreast and suddenly, as they turned a corner, they came face to face with two policemen. Each bandit had his hands in his pockets, as was their habit, with finger on trigger and ready to shoot at a second's notice.

"Where are you fellows going?" roughly asked one of the officers.

The other approached close to the trio, with the evident intention of grasping two of the youths by the collars of their coats. Had he laid a finger on either of the desperadoes, he and his companion would, to a moral certainty, have been corpses in the twinkling of an eye.

A fortunate incident, however, saved their lives. Van Dine spoke:

"What's the matter with you fellows? Don't you know us?"

The policeman pausing at the sound of a voice which he recognized as having heard before, peered closer into the faces of the trio.

"Why, it's you kids. Come, Jim, these boys are all right. I know them."

"What'd you think we were, hold-up guys?" laughingly asked Van Dine.



"That's just what we did," responded one of the bluecoats good-humoredly.

"Where was the 'stick-up'?"

"O, down the pike a piece."

"Well, good-night. I hope no bold, bad highway-man holds us up before we get home, don't you, Gus?"

"You bet. I'd run like a whitehead if I saw a 'stick-up' guy coming after me with one of those big 'smoke wagons'," ventured Marx.

"Good night, boys."

"Good night."

With these words of parting, the policemen went their way and the bandits strolled on.

"I thought it was off," said Neidermeier to his companions when they were out of earshot of the police.

"I never came so near shooting in my life, without actually doing it," was the first exclamation of Marx.

"Well, it wouldn't have hurt much anyway. It would only be two coppers less, and the fewer coppers there are prowling around nowadays, the better for this little bunch of mamma's darlings; but say, wasn't that a fine bunch of kindergarten talk we handed them."

And thus the fall wore on, the great South Side street-car strike, with its rioting and bloodshed, furnishing a little pabulum for the excitement-hungry spirits of the young desperadoes.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### SCHUETTLE'S CLEWS—THE MAN WITH THE MAGAZINE GUN—THE ALMOST HOPELESS SEARCH AND ITS RESULT.

It was on Saturday, Nov. 21, 1903, that occurred the tragic opening of the last chapter in the stormy and picturesque career of the misguided boy bandits.

Assistant Chief of Police, Herman F. Schuettler, who still retained his headquarters at the Sheffield avenue police station, whence he had been called from the position of captain to the more exalted one at the city hall, had been untiring in his efforts to solve the car-barn mystery.

Sharing with the other officers of the department, the belief that the case would forever remain a dark blank—that there was but one chance in thousands of an accident occurring which would furnish a clew, he still had hoped against hope, that in time he would discover something that would give an excuse, at least, for following out some definite line of reasoning.



The only thing that the authorities had to work on, was the circumstance that the bullets which killed the men at the car barns, were fired from a magazine revolver. This weapon is the most deadly pistol that man has so far been able to invent. It represents the ingenuity of military experts and gunsmiths of both the United States and Europe.

Of blue steel, generally ponderous and unsymmetrical in form, but with the power of firing several shots a second, or so long as the finger of the shooter retains its pressure on the trigger, it is the ideal weapon for the hold-up man or desperado.

Small pointed steel or copper tipped bullets encased in a tin shell, are injected into the handle of the magazine gun, in which is a spring.

As one bullet is discharged, another by a spring is pushed upward and into position for another shot. The recoil of the first sets off the next cartridge. If the operator so wills it, he is in a position to squirt deadly bullets from the muzzle of his hideous machine of death, even as he would sprinkle water from the nozzle of a hose.

The magazine pistol is comparatively new, and it has not even been adopted by the ever alert experts of the United States army; but the armies of Europe



were quick to grasp its value, and in Germany, one of the most wicked patterns conceivable, is a part of the regular cavalry equipment.

It was one of these, with which the car-barn murders were committed, and with dogged pertinacity, Assistant Chief of Police Schuettler decided to work on this fact until, if it were within the bounds of human possibility, he could cast a ray of light upon the dark mystery.

Quietly he went to work, taking into his confidence only a few of his most trusted and astute detectives.

"Trace down every one of those magazine guns in town," was the almost hopeless task the intrepid Schuettler assigned to his confidants.

Twenty-six of the pistols were found to have been sold in Chicago, and a few of them were traced to respected and responsible citizens, who had purchased them for protection on the streets at night and in their homes. The majority of the magazine guns, however, could not be located.

"Keep a sharp lookout," commanded Schuettler, "and post all your friends to keep careful watch for any person known to possess a magazine gun."

On this line then, the detectives labored with incessant zeal. How far-sighted were the instructions of



Schuettler was shown a few weeks afterward, when the "tip" came to him from a source which to this day has not been made public, that a young man had become intoxicated in an all-night saloon on the northwest side and exhibited a gun of the magazine pattern.

"I carry this for coppers," the drunken youth is said to have declared.

Who the young man was, however, it was difficult to ascertain.

"Search the town and bring him in," ordered Schuettler, of his faithful sleuths.

Provided with a careful description of the man with the magazine gun, Detectives William Blaul and John Quinn tramped the streets of the northwest side night after night. They slipped in and out of saloons, prowled through dark streets and alleys, and visited the haunts of all of the rough and ready cliques known to them.

Finally they became convinced that the man whom they sought was Gustav Marx, a young painter who lived with his parents on Irving Park boulevard. They started out to trace his recent movements and discovered that he had not worked steadily for some time. They remembered him as a boy and their mem-



ories were refreshed by visits to his home and to persons who were acquainted with him.

"He has not been at home much of late," they reported to Assistant Chief Schuettler.

"Now are you certain he is the man who flashed the magazine gun in that saloon while in his cups?" asked Schuettler.

"We are not absolutely sure," replied Detective Quinn, "but circumstances point to him."

"Well, boys," responded Schuettler after a moment's reflection, "I want you to bring that fellow in here. I want to talk to him."

"All right, sir," exclaimed the two detectives as they started toward the door.

"Wait a minute, boys," said the assistant chief gravely, "one word more. I have chosen you two fellows for this job because I know you from past performances to be brave men and dead shots. If this man is actually one of the men who did that cold-blooded, dastardly car-barn job, you are going against a tough proposition. I want you to go well heeled, and take no chances with him. How are you fixed with guns? Let me see what you both are carrying?"

"Have no fear on that score," came the answer from both detectives, as each drew from his pockets two revolvers. "We each have a small caliber, easy shoot-



ing gun for our outside overcoat pockets, where it won't show and can be quickly drawn, and in reserve you will notice we have these big, murderous Colt's 'gats' in our hip pockets."

"All right, boys, see that they are well loaded, because you are liable to get into a dirty mess with that fellow, and his pals are likely as not to be with him when you come upon him."

"Never fear, chief," cheerily responded the officers, who had been tried and found true in many a fierce skirmish with all kinds of lawbreakers. "We'll get as many of them as we see, even if we have to bring them in on stretchers."

With these parting words, the two detectives went out upon their dangerous quest. Both young and athletic, medal winning marksmen, anxious to add to their already enviable records as members of the great police department of the city of Chicago, and withal, possessing hearts as brave and heads as cool as the greatest heroes of history, no wonder that they were willing and eager to accept the task which lay before them—the task which ended in the death of one of them and the most desperate hand-to-hand struggle on the part of the other, to preserve his own life and capture the murderer of his partner, that graces the proud pages of the police department's history.



## CHAPTER XV.

THE KILLING OF DETECTIVE QUINN—BLAUL'S FAMOUS  
BATTLE—MARX SMOKES CIGARETTES AND KEEPS  
SILENCE.

Until 10 o'clock that Saturday evening, Detectives Blaul and Quinn walked the streets in search of Gustav Marx. Saloon after saloon was visited, but no trace of the "man with the magazine gun"—for that was the only possible offense which at that time could have been placed against the young man on the police books—was found.

Fearing lest they should betray their mission to some friend of the man they sought, the detectives made no inquiries but determined to accomplish by extra "leg work" what they might more easily have done by asking questions.

They decided to take no chances on their quarry escaping them, especially inasmuch as their chief had admonished them to bring the suspect before him for examination.



Finally at the hour named, Blaul peered over the curtain in the front window of Greenberg's saloon at Addison avenue and Robey street.

Calmly he settled back from his tip-toe position and said to his companion:

"He's in here, Jack."

"Good," replied Quinn with a tinge of exultation in his voice, which was shared by the other detective, at the prospect of capturing the man so much desired by Schuettler.

"You take the back door," continued Detective Quinn, "and I'll 'brace' him from the front."

Within the saloon, standing near the center of the bar, was Marx. He had just been served with a drink of whiskey, which set before him on the polished counter. Evidently he had had his fill of liquor for the evening and was not overly anxious to imbibe this lately ordered potion, as he was leisurely rolling a cigarette.

Tall, straight and sinewy, smooth of countenance and well-dressed, a genuine "good-fellow" from a saloonist's standpoint, for he invariably bought for everybody in the house and presented large bills in payment, Marx was indeed a favored customer wherever he went.



He had been treated with the usual obsequious attention in Greenberg's, but he showed no disposition to enter into any extended conversation. Instead, his eye, steely and clear in spite of the liquor he had drunk, constantly roved about the place, often centering on a point in the bar mirror which gave him a good reflective view of the front entrance of the saloon.

He finished rolling his cigarette and was about to strike a match, when the front door opened and a man in citizens clothes entered.

As he stepped around the screen, Marx, feigning nonchalance, cast a glance into the mirror. Out of the corner of his eye he could see another man come in by the rear door.

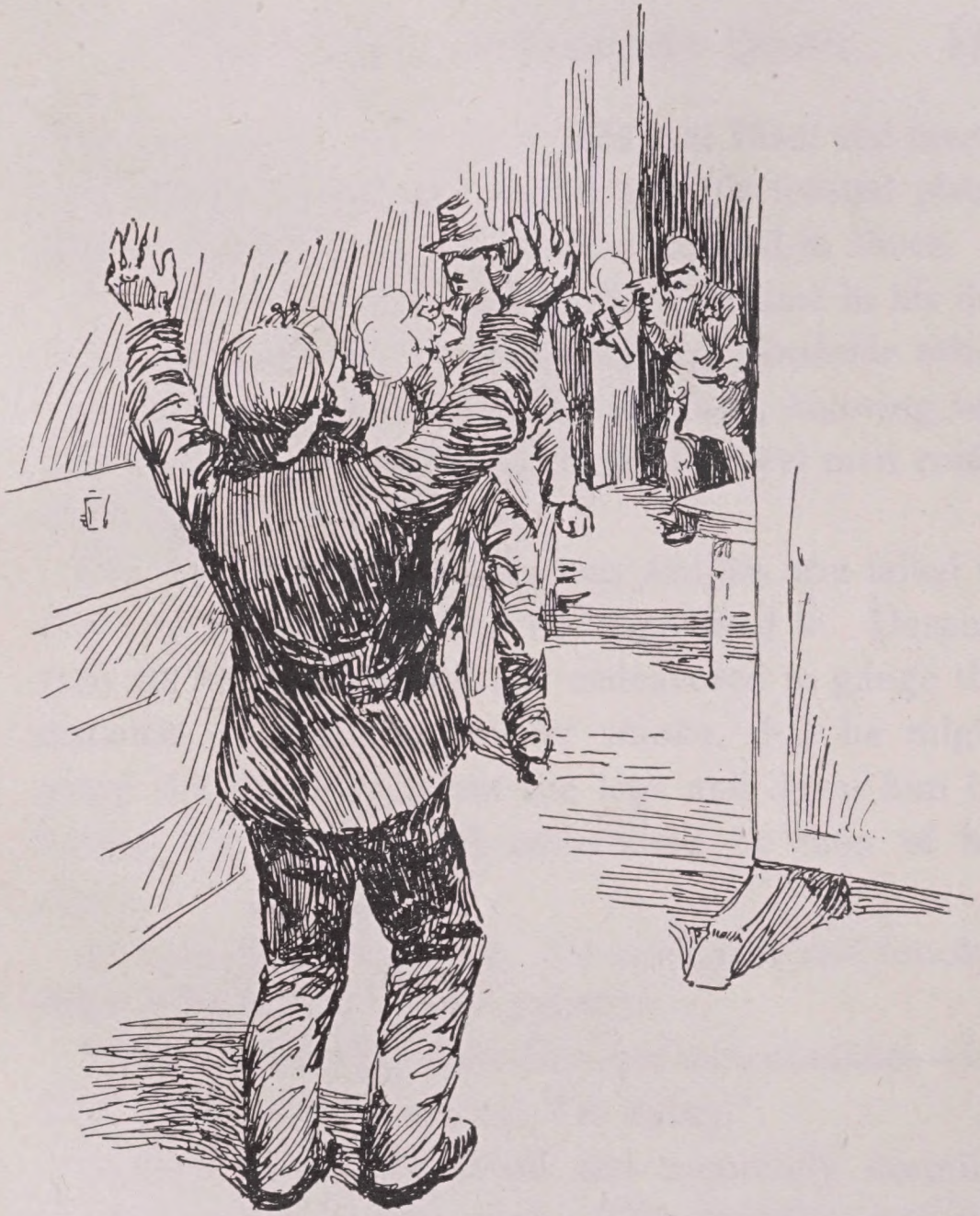
"Hello, Gus," said the first man mildly as he drew his hand from his right overcoat pocket, "I want—"

If it were possible to divide a second into millionths, it might be possible to tell just what space of time elapsed after the speech of the policeman, before his mighty form lay writhing on the floor.

"Bang, bang," came the report of a revolver behind Marx, as satisfied that the fallen Quinn was done for, he whirled about and faced the intrepid Blaul.

He felt a dead sensation in his right leg and his right shoulder was powerless. Quickly switching his





Marx murders detective Quinn. His subsequent confession led to the capture of the other members of the quartette.







weapon to his left hand he leveled it at Blaul and feverishly began to pull the trigger, but his trusted pistol failed. The detective, however, continued to shoot.

In blind desperation—it was the first time in his life that Marx had ever found his tools of homicide other than perfect—he rushed at his assailant, knowing full well that in a hand-to-hand encounter, few men could stand against him.

But his wounded leg gave way and his arm failed to come up to position when he summoned it. Desperately he lurched forward and endeavored to gauge the distance through the powder smoke, that he might grasp the detective about the legs and down him by tactics best known and understood by men of his stamp.

At that instant through the confusion and smoke, there came a shrill cry of anguish:

“Billy—Billy—I’m done for—get an ambulance—for God’s sake call the wagon, I’m dying.”

Neither Marx nor Blaul can accurately describe what occurred at that time. The detective and the murderer grappled—neither knowing exactly what he was about. There were no scientific holds. There was no system in the effort of either—unless it was exercised by Marx, handicapped as he was by his wounds.



There have been occasions in history when a man, spurred on by the cries of his lady love has performed almost super-human and impossible deeds; there have been times when the cry of an infant has taken a man to his death in an effort at rescue; there are on history's page incidents of filial devotion in time of battle which have been sources of inspiration to school-children for generations, but Billy Blaul at this critical moment only heard the appeal of his friend and partner—the man who was dying because he went in the front door instead of the back—and he fought as a demon against the powerful cripple before him.

By a lucky stroke of his pistol butt he stunned Marx. In a daze, he leaped to his feet and instinctively started toward the prostrate Quinn.

“Look out!”

It was one of Quinn's dying gasps, but he warned his devoted partner just in time. Marx had regained his senses and was endeavoring to set his magazine gun. Turning at the dying detective's warning, Blaul leaped upon Marx and disarmed him.

“Get the ambulance, Billy, I'm dying,” Quinn implored again feebly.

Above the form of the prostrate desperado was a telephone.



Thinking only of saving the life of Quinn by getting him quickly to a hospital, Blaul unslung the receiver and called up the station.

With a last desperate effort the wounded bandit reached for the revolver which had been kicked from his grasp and failing made another attempt to throw Blaul.

"Quick, Billy, I am in terrible pain," moaned Quinn as clutching at his abdomen, he rolled from side to side on the dirty bar-room floor.

With the desperation of a madman Blaul fought. Still clinging to the telephone receiver, he managed to kick Marx under the chin and then with his foot on the brigand's neck, he awaited the word from the Sheffield avenue police station which told him that help and an ambulance for Quinn would soon arrive.

Quinn died on the way to the hospital. Marx received but little medical attention. After his wounds had been superficially dressed he was carted off to the police station and cast into a cell, but not a word did he have to say, not a murmur did he emit.

"He's a game boy, whoever he is," said the turnkey.

"Have you anything to say?" was asked of Marx that night.

"Have you a cigarette?" asked the prisoner quietly.



His demeanor, however, was due to the whiskey he had drank. His cheap show of bravado only too soon was to melt into cowardly repentance. As the alcohol ceased to fire him, his spirits drooped and the terror of the gallows came upon him. The desperado was no more; instead there remained a badly frightened young man willing to do any cowardly, treacherous act to save his own neck. The first of these was the betrayal of his companions. He felt, however, or rather knew full well, that they were all cravens at heart and brought to bay any one of them would try to preserve his own life even at the expense of all the rest.



## CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONFESSION—STARTLING STORY OF MANY CRIMES  
—CITY IS ELECTRIFIED—POLICE SEEK OTHER  
BANDITS.

When the news spread over the city that a man with a magazine gun had been so desperately afraid of falling into the hands of the police that he slew one policeman and sought to murder another in an effort to evade capture, a mild sensation followed.

Everybody at once jumped at the conclusion that the murderer of Detective Quinn was one of the car-barn bandits. This hasty verdict was soon belittled, however, by Assistant Chief of Police Schuettler, who quickly announced that he had absolutely not one whit of evidence to connect this Gustave Marx with the car-barn mystery, other than that he carried an automatic gun and stood in great fear of arrest. The wounded prisoner was silent. He was booked on the charge of murdering Policeman Quinn and allowed to rest unmolested in his cell until the following day, which was Sunday.



Sunday afternoon Schuettler had the prisoner brought from his cell and assisted into his office. There were gathered Detective Blaul, who captured the slayer of his partner, and several criminal experts. Marx was put through the usual "sweat-box" process in an effort to force from him an admission of complicity in the car-barn raid, but he remained imperturbable, even under the merciless fire of questions and threats to which the officer subjected him. Throughout the ordeal he rolled cigarettes, smoked in silence, or answered in monosyllabic negatives, the persistent queries of the assistant chief. The whiskey had not quite worn off.

After several sessions of this nature, Schuettler finally accomplished his object, and Chicago was soon afterward electrified to read the hideous details of the car-barn robbery and murders, from the lips of one of the participants in the raid.

More than that, it read the stories of many other crimes and murders, as confessed by a member of the "Magazine Trio." The situation on the occasion of the confession was dramatic in the extreme.

Throughout his remarkable statement Marx remained cool and collected. He betrayed not the slightest emotion.



"It was whiskey that did it," he said philosophically. "If I hadn't been fool enough to switch from beer to whiskey that night I showed my magazine gun in that saloon, I wouldn't be here now."

At that moment Detective Blaul entered the room where Marx was sitting with his chair tilted back against the wall, blowing rings of cigarette smoke in the air with as much abandon as though his story were one of heroism in the cause of suffering humanity, instead of a terrible admission of participation in deeds of blood which had appalled all who heard it.

"Good evening," said Marx formally to the detective.

"Good evening," as stiffly replied Blaul.

"I was just about to remark that if my 'automatic' had worked Saturday night, I'd have killed you as quickly as I did your fine partner, Quinn," brazenly remarked the young desperado. "By the way," he continued, still addressing the detective, "have you a couple of matches?"

Without a tremor in his voice; speaking in a steady, low monotone, as one entirely unconcerned in the proceedings of which he was the central figure, Marx told and retold the revolting story, the salient portions of which were reduced to skeletonized form by Assist-



ant Chief Schuettler and signed by the bandit in the presence of several witnesses. It developed later that Marx's coolness was due entirely to the fact that he supposed his confession would save his neck.

Two minutes after he had first mentioned the names of his accomplices in crime, the descriptions of Van Dine, Niedermeier and Roeske were flashed throughout the world. Their homes were ransacked by detectives and the city and surrounding country were scoured to the farthestmost nook and corner for traces of them, but they could not be found. Their relatives, including their mothers, none of whom would believe their sons guilty, were brought to the station and questioned to no avail.

"You'll never get any of that bunch alive," drily warned Marx. "They could shoot the fillings out of your teeth three blocks away, and they don't like policemen anyway. You fellows will have a worse game on your hands than those two bulls had in my case, if you run across them. You'll get just what Blaul would have got if that gun of mine had not gone back on me.

"There's another thing I want to say. They've been making out right along that we never gave anybody a chance for his life, and that we shot down those guys out at the car barns without giving them the slightest



warning. That's a pack of lies. We always told people to throw up their hands. I walked right past that office window where Niedermeier shot through, and went into the outer office and shoved my gun through the grating. I told those guys plainly to hold up their hands, and they didn't do so.

"When I asked Pete later why he had begun shooting so soon, he said he had to. That's all the explanation I ever got."

Although there was not the slightest tinge of braggadocio in his manner of expressing himself, Marx, on several occasions after his arrest, made the plain and unvarnished statement that he and his companions considered members of the Police Department legitimate prey—persons fit only for killing on the slightest provocation.

He spent his time in the lockup, where he was kept under double guard, in reading novels and smoking cigarettes. He was at no time talkative, but replied to questions with great willingness. He failed even to complain of his wounds, which were very painful. Tall and athletic, his physique, exposed when a surgeon dressed his injuries, was a source of admiration on the part of those who viewed his body at close range.

Detective John Quinn was one of the most efficient



and popular members of the Police Department. He left a widow and two children, and his funeral was attended by hundreds of mourners, both in and out of the department.

As the cortege slowly wended its way along Sheffield avenue, past the police station where Marx was confined in a basement cell, the dirge of the band penetrated to the gloomy recesses of the lockup. At the time Marx was reclining languidly on his bunk, blowing wreaths of blue smoke out through the iron grating, deeply immersed in a thrilling French story of love and adventure.

"What's the racket out there?" he asked one of the guards.

"That is the band playing in front of the funeral procession," was the sad reply of the jailer. "Poor John Quinn is being carried to his last resting place today."

There was an eager stretching of necks as those in the vicinity waited with bated interest to hear how the answer would affect the prisoner.

"Is that so? Well, well." And then he added, as if communing with himself:

"If my revolver had not failed to work, I would not be your guest now and there would be two hearses instead of one in that little circus parade. One Mr.



Blaul would be inside of the other one, and that's no idle joke, either."

One of the policemen quietly remarked:

"You have put a rope around that neck of yours and you will not ride in a hearse, either."

A mocking laugh was the only reply to this ominous observation. The man in the cell stretched one muscular hand up to his throat and spread his long fingers about the front of his neck.

"We'll see how good a prophet you are. But don't you go to making any rash bets. There's many a slip, you know."

When this casual statement of the bandit was communicated to Assistant Chief Schuettler, he showed that he attached some significance to it, by immediately ordering extraordinary precautions taken to prevent the escape of the prisoner, or a possible attempt at rescue. How wise this supposition of Schuettler was, and how near the Scheffield avenue station came to being the scene of a tragedy which would have eclipsed anything that the car-barn bandits had ever figured in, was discovered later, to the amazement of all concerned.



## CHAPTER XVII.

MARX'S SWORN STATEMENT—UNDER OATH REVEALS THE  
PAST—TELLS PART HE TOOK IN CAR-BARN MURDER  
AND SUBSEQUENT FLIGHT.

Shorn of all romance and dealing in cold, hard facts as he saw them, one of the most interesting documents ever placed in the hands of the officers is the confession which Marx made after his capture.

It was given freely and apparently without reserve, and was in itself the cool declaration of a man who was in the shadow of the gallows—a man for whose neck the noose seemed already knotted.

Inasmuch as it was so fraught with history, and played such a prominent part, not only in the capture of his confederates, but also when he himself faced a jury of his peers who were to try him for his life, it is herewith given verbatim:

“STATE OF ILLINOIS,

“COUNTY OF COOK, ss.

“I, Gustav Marx, twenty-one years old and now confined in the Sheffield avenue police station on a charge of murder, having shot Police Officer John Quinn, on



the night of November 21, 1903, at about 10 o'clock, in Greenburg's saloon, southwest corner of Robey and Addison streets, without any promise of immunity, make the following statement, to-wit:

"The crimes in which I have been implicated are:

"The street car-barn robbery, Sixty-first and State streets, of the Chicago City Railway, about August 30, 1903. I committed said crime with the assistance of Harvey Van Dine and Peter Niedermeier.

"I also committed the robbery in a saloon at the southeast corner of Otto street and Ashland avenue, with Harvey Van Dine and Emil Roeske. I saw a young man getting shot there. Roeske went into the saloon and got a glass of beer. He was supposed to be the stranger. Van Dine and myself went into the saloon by the front door.

"We ordered them to hold up their hands and the young man started to run out, and Roeske shot him in the back. I and Van Dine stood guard and Roeske robbed the till.

"All of us fired some shots. I fired into the ceiling.

"In the car-barn robbery I went in and ordered them to hold up their hands. They obeyed my commands. Just then Peter Niedermeier burst in the window and commenced shooting.

"Harvey Van Dine broke down the door with a



sledge hammer. Van Dine went in and took the money. We all three ran away and walked east on Sixty-first street to Jackson Park, and sat down in the bushes and divided the money. •

"This was about \$2,250, of which sum I got about \$750 as my share. We then got on a Cottage Grove avenue car and came down town. We parted down around Clark and Randolph streets from Van Dine. Myself and Niedermeier then took an elevated train and went west to the end of the road. We stayed there about an hour or so, then came back down town, where we went into a bowling alley. We then parted. I went to a hotel on West Madison street, where I secured a room for myself.

"The next day I met Van Dine and Niedermeier at Humboldt park and we sat around there for about two hours. Van Dine then started for home, and Niedermeier and myself then took a train on the Northwestern road to Denver, Colorado.

"We stayed in Denver one day, then went to Cripple Creek and stayed there about a week, and then came back to Chicago.

(Signed) "GUSTAV MARX."

Witnesses: (Signed)

Frederick J. Gabriel.

Frank E. Link.

John C. Torlor.

George L. Richardson.

H. F. Schnettler.

Otto Haerle.



Marx makes the following statement and confession of his own free will regarding his other crimes:

"I hereby make the following statement of my own free will:

"I received the following information in regard to following crimes:

"The robbery committed at Clybourn Junction depot, Northwestern railroad, was done by Peter Niedermeier and Emil Roeske, they having told me themselves. Also the robbery and murder in a saloon at the corner of North avenue and Forty-seventh avenue; this crime was committed by Harvey Van Dine and Peter Niedermeier August first.

"Also the robbery and assault in the saloon of Peter Gorski, 2611 Milwaukee avenue; this crime was committed by Harvey Van Dine and Emil Roeske.

"He also said the robbery at Greenburg's saloon, southwest corner of Robey street and Addison avenue, was committed by Emil Roeske.

"Also the robbery of the saloon on Roscoe street and Sheffield avenue was committed by Harvey Van Dine and Emil Roeske.

"All this information was given to me by the within named parties by word of mouth and actions.

(Signed) "GUSTAV MARX."



It will be noticed that in some of the minor details the confession as sworn to by Marx disagreed with confessions made by the other bandits after they were captured. It must be remembered, however, that the confession was made at a time when there was immense excitement; when the room where the confession was made was crowded with detectives, reporters and others, and was the result of a boiling down of a much more lengthy verbal confession made to Assistant Chief Schuettler.

Its main points, however, agree in almost all particulars with the evidence as produced and corroborated at the subsequent trials. This makes it all the more remarkable as a document, because it illustrates in a startling manner the memory and great coolness of mind of this young desperado. It shows, too, that of all those present, he was the least perturbed.

Marx at this time was suffering from grievous wounds, which had received but slight dressing and attention, and he must have suffered considerable pain. Whatever he experienced, however, there was no betrayal of feeling in his mien. This confession was given as though he were detailing incidents with which he had no great connection, and in which, he was at the most, but a mild participant.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE PLOT TO BLOW UP THE STATION—AIMING AT SCHUETTLER—HAUNTING HOME OF BLAUL.

During the time that the police were attempting to wring a confession from Marx, the Sheffield avenue police station and all who entered it were in momentary danger of destruction. The lockup and the lives of its keepers hung on the brink of a terrible abyss.

All during the Sunday night while Marx was being "sweated," and even after he had confessed on Monday, there might have been seen lurking in the shadowy gloom of the alley which runs between the station house and the big Lincoln Turner Hall structure, which fronts on Diversey avenue, three silent figures.

His eyes must have been extremely keen, however, who would have seen them, as they flitted noiselessly to and fro. To the casual observer none of them would have been taken for human forms.

Occasionally, one of the figures would waft close to the station wall. A footstep on the walk would be



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heard, and the form would vanish. Again, all three figures would seemingly merge into one, but there was no sound—no indication that anything human trod the pavement of the station alley.

Had anyone been in a position to overhear the whisperings that lost themselves on the night mist which enshrouded these figures, he might have heard something like this:

"Let's touch her off, Pete, and blow a hole right through here."

"No, Harvey; don't you see, if you do that you're liable to kill Gus? If we knew exactly where his cell is, it would be different."

"Suppose we send Roeske into the station with a fake note from Mrs. Marx to Gus, and see if he can't get down there and find out. They'll never 'get next.' The very nerve of the thing will throw them off."

"Not on your life. Some of them guys know me as well as you do. I ain't going to stick my neck into it any sooner than I have to. Just give me that dynamite, though, and I'll show you how we can find out where Gus is, quick enough."

"Yes, and kill him finding out."

"Well, he's as good as dead where he is now. They



won't do a thing to him for killing that copper; and besides, suppose he should squeal."

"Never you fear about Gus Marx doing any squealing. He'll stick 'till the cows come home.' "

"Let's set fire to the Turner Hall and then when most of them get out into the excitement, we'll rush in and shoot those that are left. We can plug the desk sergeant, nail the operator, and then shoot the lockup keeper and get his keys. The rest will be easy."

"But suppose the lockup guy is inside the grating? What good will it do to croak him?"

"Why, you fool, what have we been holding onto this dynamite for all this time, but for emergencies like this?"

"Oh, h——! I'm for touching the whole works off from the outside."

"I'll tell you what we'd better do. It will be better than blowing up the station and taking a chance on killing Gus. That copper Blaul is the only witness against him that amounts to anything. Let's wait and put him out of the way. Then we'll get Schuettler, before he has a chance to bluff Gus into making any rash cracks. If there are any more that need fixing, then we'll plug them. That's our graft and we don't



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know anything about handling this dynamite stuff. Let's do the thing we know how to do best."

A few more almost inaudible whisperings and the alley was empty.

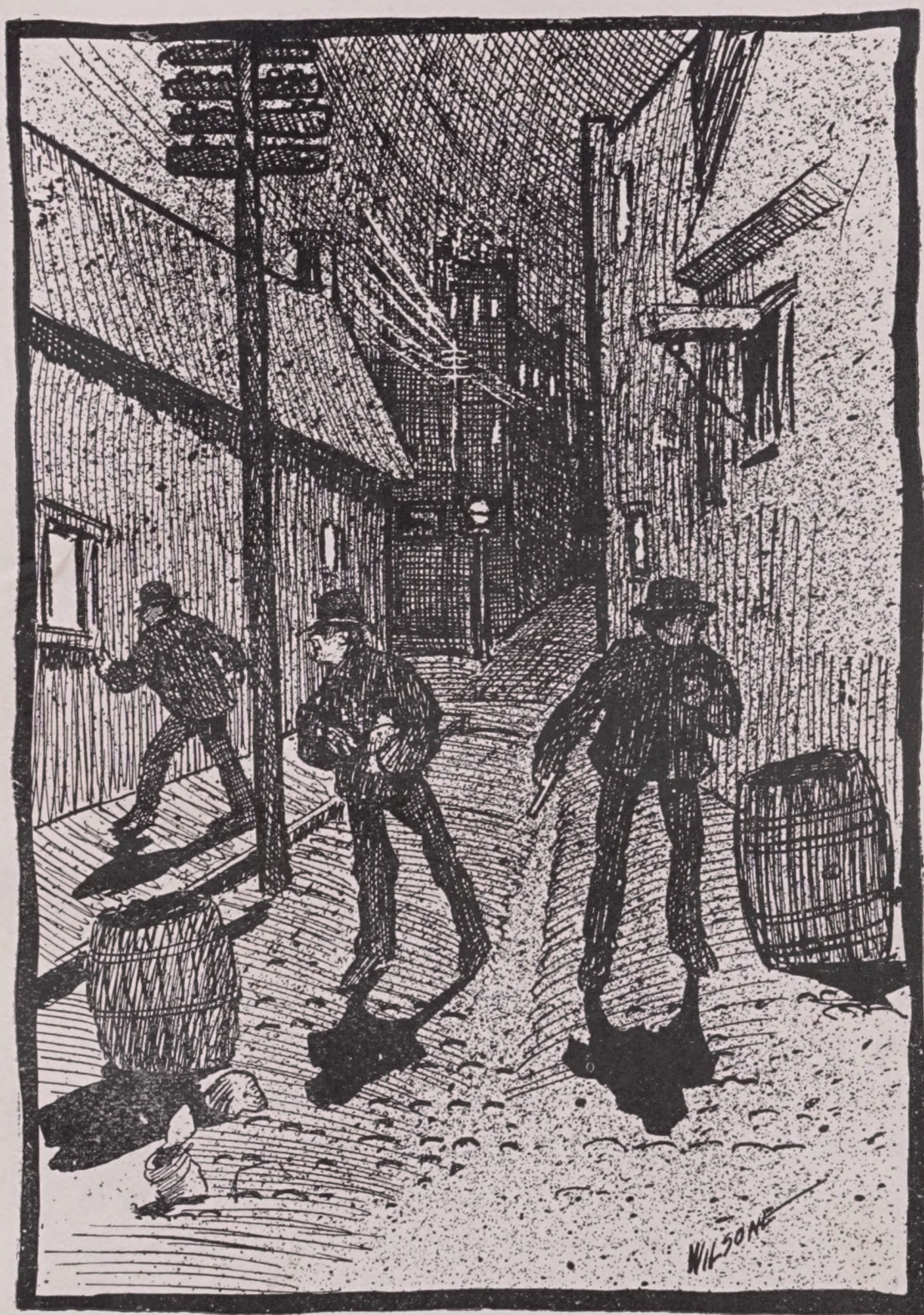
The remainder of the night, however, the same three noiseless, phantom-like figures might have been seen haunting the vicinity of Detective Blaul's home. The officer was busy, however, working on the car-barn case and failed to return until long after daylight. Later, developments and assertions by the outlaws showed that this fact saved him from being shot down on his own doorstep.

Pursuant to their solemn oath to rescue each other in case any member of the band should fall into the hands of the law, Van Dine and Niedermeier, who had immediately been joined by Roeske upon the news of Marx' arrest, set about to fulfill their pledge. First they procured from its hiding place several sticks of dynamite—enough, in fact, to blow up a block of skyscrapers.

With that contempt for the police which was such a strong part of their natures, they hovered in the vicinity of the police station where Marx was confined, and planned to raze it with the explosive.

It occurred to them, however, that this course would most likely result in the death of the man whom they





The proposed liberation of Marx at the Sheffield Ave. Police Station.







sought to rescue. Then it was suggested that they blow up only a portion of the structure, creating an aperture, through which they might dash, and in the resultant confusion, liberate their confederate. They were unable to ascertain the exact location of Marx' cell, and it was probably solely due to their lack of familiarity with the interior arrangement of the station house, that they failed to use the dynamite.

The bandits did not despair of freeing Marx, on account of this discovery, but set to work upon a new plan, which entailed greater personal risk, a plan entirely characteristic of their audacity and foolhardiness.

They rented a room across the street from the police station. Van Dine, supposedly, was its occupant, the others, merely friends who occasionally visited him. Concealed beneath an overcoat, a repeating rifle of heavy caliber was carried into the room.

"If we catch Schuettler near that window," said Niedermeier, "one shot will do for him. Then there will be all kinds of a racket in the station and everybody will run out. The one who stays in our room with the repeater can keep her going. Any one of us is good for a man with every shot. The other two can be within a few feet of the station door and rush in. With two magazine guns apiece, and the fellow up in



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the window doing business, we ought to drag Gus out of there in short order. We can take a couple of guns along for him, too, and all the police this side of h—— won't stop us."

It was by the merest chance that this bold plan of the desperadoes was not carried out. According to the arrangement, in order to permit of better shooting, the deed was to have been done in daylight, and the early hours of Tuesday morning were fixed upon.

There was yet another bit of work which the bandits had in mind, which they felt would be best served by darkness. This was the murder of Detective Blaul, the man who captured Marx after the latter had slain Detective Quinn. Figuring that they could accomplish this during the night, or in the early hours of the morning, by waylaying the officer after his all-night's task of searching for them, the outlaws repaired to the detective's home and secreted themselves at different points, where they each could obtain a clear view of the front entrance.

Their vigil, however, was vain, as Blaul, who grieved deeply over the demise of his partner and friend, and who had sworn to avenge his murder, wasted no time in sleep. This pertinacity saved his life, for there were three automatic guns leveled at his doorstep that Mon-



day night, awaiting his approach to belch forth their messengers of death.

With curses for their victim who failed to appear, and with renewed expressions of determination to complete their plot at the police station on the morrow, the disappointed trio went home and to bed; Van Dine and Niedermeier sleeping together.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE ALARM AND FLIGHT—LEAVING FOR THE WILDERNESS—THE DUG-OUT IN THE SAND-DUNES.

It was early in the morning; so early that the earliest workers were passing in front of the Van Dine residence, whistling with honest consciences and looking forward to the blowing of the seven o'clock whistles that would announce to the world that commerce and its manifold branches had resumed sway, when there came a hurried rap at the Van Dine kitchen door. It was opened by Mrs. Van Dine, who was astonished to see Roeske in his usual slovenly attire standing before her.

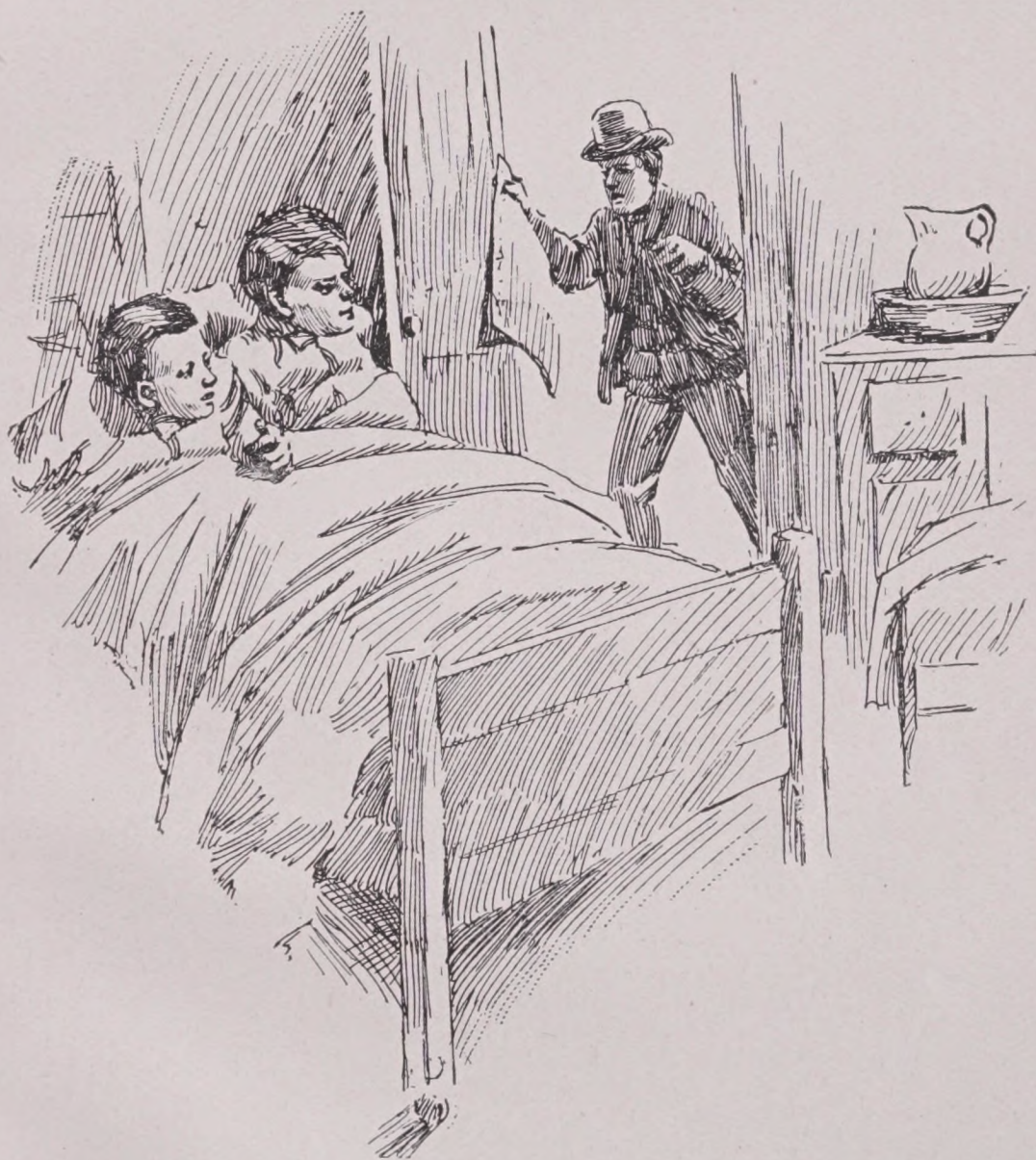
"Good morning," she said, holding the door open.

"I guess you know me," was the response. "I am Emil Roeske and I want to see Harvey right away."

"But he isn't up yet," said Mrs. Van Dine. "He came in late last night and his chum Niedermeier is with him. He slept here last night."

"So much the better," said Roeske. "But I want to





Roeske warns Van Dine and Niedermeier that Marx has confessed.







see Harvey right away, as I think I know of a place where he can get a job."

"Well, you can go right up to his room," said the good woman, overjoyed at the thought that her boy was to have employment again, which would doubtless end his late hours and bring him back to the old habits which were so dear to her heart.

With a sigh, she turned to her work as Roeske mounted the stairs.

"What do you want?" sleepily asked Van Dine, as Roeske reached over and aroused him.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Niedermeier, with an illy concealed sneer, as he started at the sound of voices and involuntarily reached for the dread magazine gun.

"Yes, it's me," said Roeske. "You fellows haven't treated me right, but I'll show you I mean business yet and am on the square."

"Well, what are you here for?" demanded both his auditors at once.

"Marx has confessed."

Like the throwing of a bomb was the effect of Roeske's words on the two bandits, both of whom sprang from bed at once, as though electrified.

"You lie!" snarled Niedermeier.



"What makes you think so?" queried the cooler Van Dine.

"Because I have a paper in my pocket that says so," heatedly answered Roeske, addressing himself to Van Dine. Even as they spoke, there was a rush of news-boys down the street, shouting: "Uxtry! Uxtry! All about the confession of Marx, the car-barn bandit!"

It was plainly no time to hesitate. They listened with bated breath as the boys ran shouting down the street. They did not even stop to read the paper which Roeske had produced from his pocket, but each reached forward and grasped his hand in a way that showed that in the mutual danger all the past differences were to be forgotten, and that to the last they would fight together to escape from this terrible mesh of the law that was encircling them—reaching out with long fingers to entangle them, to relentlessly and coldly drag them to the gallows. For the first time in their careers, the faces of the car-barn bandits blanched as by prescience they saw that dread figure of outraged justice reaching toward them. "Guilt is always timid."

As though escaping from a fire, they hastily dressed. Van Dine sprang to a closet, where he seized a box of cartridges and added to those which were lying on the table. Niedermeier calmly looked at his weapon and



thrust it into his pocket, where he could have quick access to it, and then stepped to a peephole in the window, from which he could survey the street.

Roeske, in the meantime, sat as though stupified at the overwhelming finish that now stared him in the face, a culmination he had not expected.

"No one out there," exclaimed Niedermeier, as he turned to where Van Dine stood, dressed and waiting.

They started down the stairs.

"Hold on, boys," commanded Van Dine in a low voice. They waited, thinking he had re-entered his room to secure some more ammunition. Probably they would have sneered, had they seen him step inside, take one look around and step to his dresser. He stopped and took from a little wire easel a picture, that of his sweetheart—the girl who still believed him above reproach, who trusted him to the fullest extent, and who would continue to do so until the day he reached the gallows.

Another sweeping glance around that pleasant little room, with its neat hangings, its curios collected since the days of his boyish innocence, the keepsakes from friends, the gifts from relatives and the thousand and one little things betokening a good mother's love.

Heaven alone can tell what regrets, at that instant,



swept through Harvey Van Dine's mind; what longings for the old times of innocence, now that the end of his criminal career was upon him. Perhaps he still had a vague hope in his heart, that he would again see this quiet little refuge and again rest in security in its shelter. If so, could he have looked forward but a few hours, he would have realized the futility of that hope; he would have understood that at last the majestic law, slow moving sometimes, but always sure, was even then throwing its toils about him.

His meditations were interrupted by a hoarse whisper.

"What are you standing there for, when the cops are liable to be down on us at any minute?"

It was Niedermeier, fierce in his wrath, knowing none of those finer feelings that animated his partner, that startled Van Dine from his dreams.

In an instant Van Dine was again, simply the escaping bandit.

"Why, you are in a dreadful hurry, aren't you?" said Mrs. Van Dine, as the boys entered the kitchen preparatory to taking their departure.

"Yes, we can't even wait for breakfast, mother," answered Van Dine, and then giving way to the rem-



nants of his better self, he put his arms around his mother's neck and gazed steadily into her eyes.

She returned the gaze with all a mother's love, little thinking that this was the last time she would thus look upon him, believing him untainted and innocent. As little, too, did she realize that he was even then leaving the old home for the last time, and that when she next saw him, it would be through prison bars, wounded, spent and sore, and with other crimes fastened upon his hands, already so crimsoned with blood.

Niedermeier manifested signs of uneasiness, and the trio, after bidding Mrs. Van Dine good-bye, turned and through the rear way entered upon a street, walking rapidly toward a car line which would carry them to the very heart of the business section, from which, they calculated, with good generalship, they could the more readily escape.

As they went out the back way the door bell at the Van Dine home rang and officers in citizen's clothes demanded from the startled Mrs. Van Dine whether she had any knowledge of her son's whereabouts.

Once in the street-car, with all the bravado that had marked their every movement, the bandits began to make plans for their escape.



"I know where there is a good place we can hide in until all this blows over a little," said Van Dine. "It is a place where I went hunting a few years ago, which I passed last fall. It is a dugout, down on the sand-dunes and across the Indiana state line, about thirty miles below here."

The others, as usual, trusted to his superior judgment and unhesitatingly followed his lead. They bought a scant store of provisions and quickly avoiding officers, keeping a keen eye for detectives, they started on their journey.

Again, had their very boldness favored them; again, had they thrown off by sheer nerve, the hounds of the law that were unleashed upon them and which even now were hot on the scent that was to end in their capture.

They boarded an elevated train and rode to Stony Island avenue. There they took a South Chicago car and walked to the end of the line. Then they walked across the sand-dunes until they found a dugout and entered. It was not suited to their purpose, so they wandered to another one a mile away.

This contained all they could expect, and it was fitted up as though abandoned by some hunter at a recent date. In it were a table, some straw which would



serve as a bed, a rough stool and some old cooking utensils.

It was located in an ideal spot for their purpose, in an exceedingly rough country, where hill after hill arises, dotted with scrub pine trees and with shifting sands that would obliterate with speed all marks of footprints; a veritable fortress in a veritable wilderness. Their domicile, half hut and mere hovel, half above ground and half beneath, offered a shelter as secure as any block-house and nearly as impregnable to assault.

Only a little way off the wintry waters of Lake Michigan boomed heedlessly against the shores of a November sea. Only the roar of nearby trains brought to their mind that they were still in touch with civilization, dissipating the dream of a frontier fastness as inaccessible as the infamous but beautiful "Hole-in-the-Wall" of Wyoming.

The car-barn bandits had chosen well the place for what proved to be their last stand, and for the time they were lost alike to officers of the law, old time friends and weeping mothers.



## CHAPTER XX.

### LIFE IN THE DUG-OUT—THE PLOT TO ROB THE EXPRESS —THE ALARM.

"We've beat them out—we've beat them out," fairly yelled Van Dine with fierce exultation, as he stood at the cabin door on the following evening and remarked on the fact, that all day long no human being had passed their retreat.

"But we can't live any longer without grub," came Niedermeier's comment from the inside.

"What's the use in worrying about that?" demanded Van Dine. "We can go over to Pine station tonight and get some stuff to run us as long as we will want to stay here."

Then, with the characteristic bravado and carelessness which had marked the every move of this remarkable trio, they began to plan other crimes and other means of eluding pursuit.

The following day it began to snow. This, in a measure, proved their undoing. Finding the larder



running low, they walked to Pine, where the advent of a stranger at any time attracted attention. Announcing that they were hunters who were camped a short distance from there, they purchased such supplies as they needed. They bought with such carelessness and apparent extravagance that even the store-keeper believed he must have millionaires for customers. In payment for some sausage they each drew forth a roll of bills, which they flashed with the air of men who were used to handling and spending large sums.

The store-keeper's eyes widened, as he saw this seeming great wealth, and after his customers had departed, he began to discuss them with others who had been there, as silent witnesses to the scene.

In the meantime the bandits, with their newly gained and sufficient supply of food, were wending their way to the dugout, not noting the fact that they were leaving in the snow a trail that could be followed with ease to their hiding place.

The evening was passed in singing songs, for in this remote place there were none to listen to the sounds of revelry. Indeed, had there been such, the very boldness and noise of the hilarity would have disarmed suspicion; for who but a party of jolly hunters would exhibit such light-heartedness and lack of care? Cer-



tainly it could not be that these were the dreaded car-barn bandits, who had ruthlessly shot down man after man, eluded the best trained detective and police force in the entire West, and sought refuge in a dugout in the sand-dunes!

On the following day, Van Dine in a serious mood called the attention of the others to the fact that it was time for them to plan for an escape to a new country.

"It won't do for us to stay here forever," he argued, "and we haven't money enough left between us all to get away any distance."

They counted their entire funds and found that only \$110 remained between them. Only this amount from a series of murderous robberies that had netted over two thousand dollars.

With lower talk, they discussed plans for another bold dash into the very face of the enemy, trusting to the unexpectedness of the attempt to guarantee its success.

"I have often thought," explained Van Dine, "that if we went at it right, we could get one of those big express boxes that are used for carrying treasure to the Northwestern depot. When I worked for that road they always used to ship the big sums of gold to the West on Tuesday nights, and if there was some way



we could get hold of one of those boxes we would have enough to get away from this country and go to the Pacific coast until things are forgotten here."

"I know the way," volunteered Niedermeier. "It is this: We will all go to Chicago next Tuesday night, wait until the express wagon carrying the treasure comes into the darkness of Kinzie street, after it turns off Clark street, and then get busy."

"But how?" asked Roeske, who was ever slow to grasp a plan.

"Why, we'll ask them to give us the money," leered Niedermeier. Then, turning to Van Dine, with a more serious face, he said: "There are usually two and sometimes three men on those treasure-wagons. A driver and either one or two shotgun messengers. What we want to do is to take no chances. We can jump out of the darkness, shoot the driver and the messengers before they get a chance to put up any fight, pile into the wagon and drive it out of town some place, and then crack the box open and get away."

"Yes," assented Van Dine, "that would be the best place, get the coin and then come back here and lay quiet for a day or so, after which we could go over to Miller's and catch a train out of the country."

After many discussions, this was the plan agreed



upon, and far into the night the hardened bandits sat up consummating their plans and selecting the places to which they could go.

Roeske in the meantime took but little part in the conversation and seemed cowed by terror. Not only the terror of possible capture, but also terror of Niedermeier, whom he had several times seen contemplating him with a look that sent shivers up and down his spine and made him feel that his life was not safe so long as he was with him.

Roeske, however, felt that his only chance for safety lay in concealing this fear and keeping on good terms with his companions until such time as he could leave them for good, and strike out into new and independent paths.

On the following day, they again went to Pine station for a fresh supply of sausage and again trampled a trail through the snow. That night they retired to rest, undisturbed by foreboding and only looking forward to the time when they could again take to the road, replenish their purses and make a clean escape to an unknown country.

So secure were they in their fastness that they made their beds up with unusual care, and undressed to their underwear, in the hope of gaining a good rest.



Darkness still clouded the interior of the dugout, and all within slept soundly, when "Crash!" went the chimney, and all started to their feet.

"What was that?" whispered Niedermeier.

"Guess it was the wind," replied Van Dine, after waiting a few minutes and listening with strained nerves and steady eyelids.

"Hello, in there!" came a shout, and the law was upon them. Instantly, all within the cabin became confusion; each of the bandits springing into his clothing with great celerity, clutching or keeping within reach the magazine-guns that were that day to play such a deadly part in the battle of the dugout; a battle the news of which went around the world borne on the wings of the telegraph. A battle that made all other news of the day seem insignificant and paltry; a battle which carried desolation to more than one home and more than one family.



## CHAPTER XXI.

CHICAGO EXCITED—FEARS OF MOB—RUSE OF OFFICERS—  
AT THE CITY HALL.

Turbid with excitement, a city of millions swung around bulletin boards, staring wonderingly at each passing patrol wagon, or surging madly forward when a detachment of blue-coated officers started from the City Hall.

In newspaper offices, men worked with clock-like regularity, driven like locomotives whose boilers were filled to the full with surcharged steam. Reporters scurried to and fro, and over hundreds of wires clicked the bulletins announcing to the world that almost within the city limits a battle, the like of which was unknown in the annals of modern police warfare, was being fought with desperation.

Newsboys emerged from the press-rooms of the great dailies and scattered tempestuously through the streets, shrieking the news that another extra had been issued; that other details were at hand. Business



men, staid and old, young and bustling, stopped and purchased them as they came, and each and all wondered with amazement that such things could be, that such events could happen.

It seemed a violent upsetting of the order of things—a reversal of tradition. A battle of the turbulent and lawless frontier, transplanted from its natural environment of wide plains and high mountains, of brawling streams and deep wooded ravines, to the borders of one of the largest cities in the world. An earnest battle, too, in which brave men were dying, in which hardy men were trudging through the snow in pursuit of what? Three bandits, not one of whom was more than a mere youth.

Chicago, with its great commercialism, used to the strife of strikes, bearing in memory that hated day when anarchy reared a sullen crest and boldly threw its hissing bombs—Chicago, inured to street riots and bloody conflicts, stood aghast, amazed and horrified.

Then, as extra after extra was issued and sown broadcast, the feeling of surprise gave way to a demand for revenge—the cry that creates mobs; that primitive desire that rests dormant in all men until weakened by some sudden sharp recall—the desire to take the law



into one's own hands and demand blood atonement in redress for flagrant outrage.

"The car-barn murderers were at bay!"

From mouth to mouth it passed. "A special train had carried a force of men who had been fired upon. They had seen their own numbers decimated under a deadly fusilade. Other men had been called for and gone. Others were yet to go. They had captured them. No—they had escaped. They had disappeared. They had been seen at Millers. They had been seen entering the city. They had boarded a train and fled." So the news, conflicting, but always of the same nature, passed; in some cases augmented in horrible detail, in others, lacking even the versimilitude of truth.

When an ambulance tore madly up the street, it was taken for granted that it conveyed some wounded sufferer from the battle scene; and all the time came the cumulative demand of the people for capture and vengeance.

So loud became this cry, that as the afternoon shadows began to fill the cavernous ravines between the skyscrapers, mob spirit became rife. In dozens of places were grouped men who stood sullenly discussing the latest news, men wanting but a rope to do execution were the bandits once within their reach.



At the City Hall the scene was one of greater excitement, for here was the city's storm center. The crowd became so dense and menacing that extra officers were called, until every avenue leading through the old stone pile was lined with bluecoats and loiterers met with the constant command, "Move on. Move on," for these men of the law knew the meaning of that ugly front, and although their sympathies may have been with that unspoken cry of the mob for action and lynching, their training proved stronger and they unwaveringly represented the law and order they had sworn to enforce.

When the news came that the men had been captured and were en route to the city, the throng thickened until even the efforts of the police seemed destined to prove inadequate. A report was suddenly whispered from man to man that the bandits would be brought to a down-town station on the Illinois Central Railway. It spread like wild fire and the mob turned in that direction. But the officers had been astute. They had removed the men from the train which bore them to the city at the Archer avenue station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, far distant from the down-town depots, and even then they were being driven rapidly toward the City Hall. They came as in



a procession, patrol wagon after patrol wagon, all driving rapidly and filled with men who had taken part in the battle. Some wounded, all footsore and wearied, and all glad that the day's work was done.

In two of these wagons were the captured desperadoes; blood-matted, unwashed, hungry and trapped. As the wagons emptied their burdens and the bandits were hastily led to the chief's office, the throng closed in upon them, and again the police were kept busy in holding back the mob.

Once in a while a shout would be heard: "Hang them! Hang them!"

Then would come that quick, sharp rush of officers and the mob spirit would be suddenly quelled by a quick swinging club, or the hasty and violent ejection into the street of some particularly active leader. The crowd soon learned its lesson, but it took hours to check the excitement. Long after the bandits were in their cells, they still clustered in sullen, excited or curious masses.

All through those last hours, there sat in the upstairs office three bandits, self-confessed murderers of twelve men; still defiant, still cool, and gazing fearlessly at the crowd surrounding them. Niedermeier and Van Dine were manacled together. At each move-



ment of those bound hands, the clink of chains told that story of two boys whose hands had once been bound together in childish games; hands which later had met in oath sworn ties; hands which side by side had dealt violent death, but which were now clasped by Justice in bonds of steel.

As the long recital of crime was drawn from them by degrees, the daylight waned outside, the glow of an electric light across the street cast shadows into the office, and they began to realize that at last their career of crime was at an end. Chicago, the great city which had sheltered them; Chicago, the place filled with so many reminiscences of bygone pleasures; Chicago, the scene of their later deeds of crime, had thrust out its arm of Justice even to the Indiana sand-dunes and brought them back. Brought them back, not as a mother brings back an erring child, but with manacles of steel to hold them until released by the throes of death.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### SURPRISED AT DAWN—THE BATTLE—KILLING OF DRISCOLL—POLICE ROUTED.

The story of the events preceding the arrival of the officers at the dugout is one of simplicity and accident. A country school teacher who was in the habit of daily reading the Chicago newspapers, had seen the pictures of the bandits, and it so happened he had arrived at the cross-roads grocery at the same time Niedermeier purchased the frugal supplies with which the dugout was stocked. Niedermeier had attracted further attention to himself by his anxiety to see the latest Chicago papers.

Recognizing the young man, the schoolmaster hastened to inform the Chicago police, by telephone, of his belief that the much wanted desperadoes were encamped in the vicinity of his schoolhouse.

Already the police held clues which drew their attention to this portion of Indiana, and the new lead was eagerly followed. The matter was kept secret in



the office of Chief O'Neill, and none but those closest to him were aware that late Thursday night six trusted men quietly slipped out of Chicago and made their way to Pine.

There they were met by their informant. It was a moonlight night. A thin coating of snow covered the bare mounds which formed the only landscape that could be boasted of in that somewhat desolate region. The position of the dugout, in which the outlaws were supposed to be intrenched, was carefully indicated to the officers by the pedagogue, on a piece of brown wrapping paper. A map was drawn, and with this as their guide the detectives strode up the track. They came to the dugout which they supposed to be the rendezvous. No light shone from its cavernous mouth, and with an exclamation of disgust, the place was found to be empty. It seemed for a minute that the trail was a faulty one.

"Hold on," said one of the sleuths; "there are tracks here, which lead me to believe this place has been occupied and abandoned."

A careful examination showed this to be the case, and that the men who had made the tracks had been three in number. Again taking the railway as a guide, the detectives narrowly scanned all tracks leading from



it. In a few minutes a fresh and well beaten trail was discovered, and the officers settled down to a long chase, lighted only by the moon, which at intervals was obscured by flying clouds.

After some time spent in this tedious task, they located a dugout which showed signs of occupancy. Through a chimney crept a thin wisp of smoke, and silently the officers stole forward. In a few minutes they were satisfied that the hovel, even then, was the reposing place for a party of men.

Withdrawing to a point behind a hummock, they held a whispered conversation. Owing to the desperate character of the outlaws, it was decided that but one method could safely insure their capture, and that was an attack in daylight, when there could be no escape for the fugitives. Again the uncertainty of whether the dugout was really occupied by the bandits wanted, bade them pause. To attack and fire upon an innocent party would be worse than taking the chances of an early escape by the bandits themselves. It was therefore decided to return to Pine, notify Chief O'Neill of their discovery and with early dawn march upon the scene.

Shortly before seven o'clock, on a November wintry morning, the detectives left Pine and started for the



dugout by way of the railway tracks. Two miles from Pine they met a section crew with a hand car. The railroad men readily agreed to "pump" them to the point they wished to reach, and in a few minutes they were at their destination.

Policeman Driscoll, the boldest and most impetuous member of the posse and a celebrated marksman, unslung his rifle and bounded down the embankment to the roof of the dugout. Smoke was still coming from the chimney.

Thinking to smoke out the occupants, or at least torment them into showing themselves, Driscoll kicked in the stove pipe, at the same time shouting, in stentorian tones, "Hello, in there!"

There was no answer.

"Come out and surrender. We've got you and you know it. You are dead men if you put up a fight."

"Bang! Bang!" This was the only reply from the dugout.

Detective Driscoll, fearless, brave almost unto foolhardiness, stood his ground above the dugout and fired his pistol through the chimney hole.

Two more shots, which whizzed uncomfortably close to his ears, sent the intrepid policeman scurrying after his more cautious comrades, who, by this time,



had sought places of safety behind such trees as the sand-dunes afforded.

For ten minutes there was no sound. The policemen were scattered in a semi-circle, each so far separated from the other, that communication without shouting was impossible; so that no plan of battle could be arranged without its details becoming known to the hunted men within the dugout. Nervously, behind his tree, each man prepared his heavy calibre repeating rifle for action and waited.

The detectives seemed to think that the bandits would soon show themselves. They calculated that as soon as the door of the hut was thrown open, they would fire and kill the first man to appear. As in many other instances, however, the bandits showed themselves masters of strategy when in tight places

They knew that the time they were consuming in donning their clothes, examining their weapons, and finishing their last link of sausage, would be supposed by their pursuers to be occupied in the discussion of plans for surrender to a superior foe, and one whose overwhelming strength could not be questioned.

Finally the officers whose stations of safety were farthest removed from the entrance of the dugout and practically out of range, began to empty their repeat-



ers at the hut, but not one showed himself. All remained under cover.

The sausage finished, Van Dine stood up.

"Well," he whispered, "those guys out there seem to be looking for game. I guess we will have to give it to them."

He picked up his two magazine guns and stood to the right of the door.

"You throw it open, Emil, and I'll hop out and take a crack at one or two of them. If my guns give out, hand me yours and then load mine again. No six coppers will ever clean me up."

The obedient Roeske jerked the door open. Van Dine sprang out. In an instant there was a volley from the rifles of the waiting officers. Sneering and disdainful, he stood there, his sturdy form outlined clearly against the snow-clad hill behind him.

Another volley, and Van Dine was still inactive.

"For God's sake, shoot. Do something," came from within the cabin.

"I can't see anything to shoot at," replied Van Dine.

"Well, come back in. They're shooting at us and they are big bullets."

"I'll stand here until one of those ninety-dollar-a-



month coppers shows his face, and then I'll come back—or you can come out and get what's left of me."

Another resounding crash of musketry from the timber and Van Dine leaped in the air and fell flat on his face. In an instant, completely duped by the trick of the bandit leader, the police, thinking that he was wounded, began more deliberately to set themselves for straight shooting.

Detective Sergeant Mathew Zimmer, who held the position at the extreme left of the crescent formation, raised his rifle to shoot. In the infinitesimal fraction of a moment required to apply the necessary pressure to the trigger, came the sharp crack of a magazine gun.

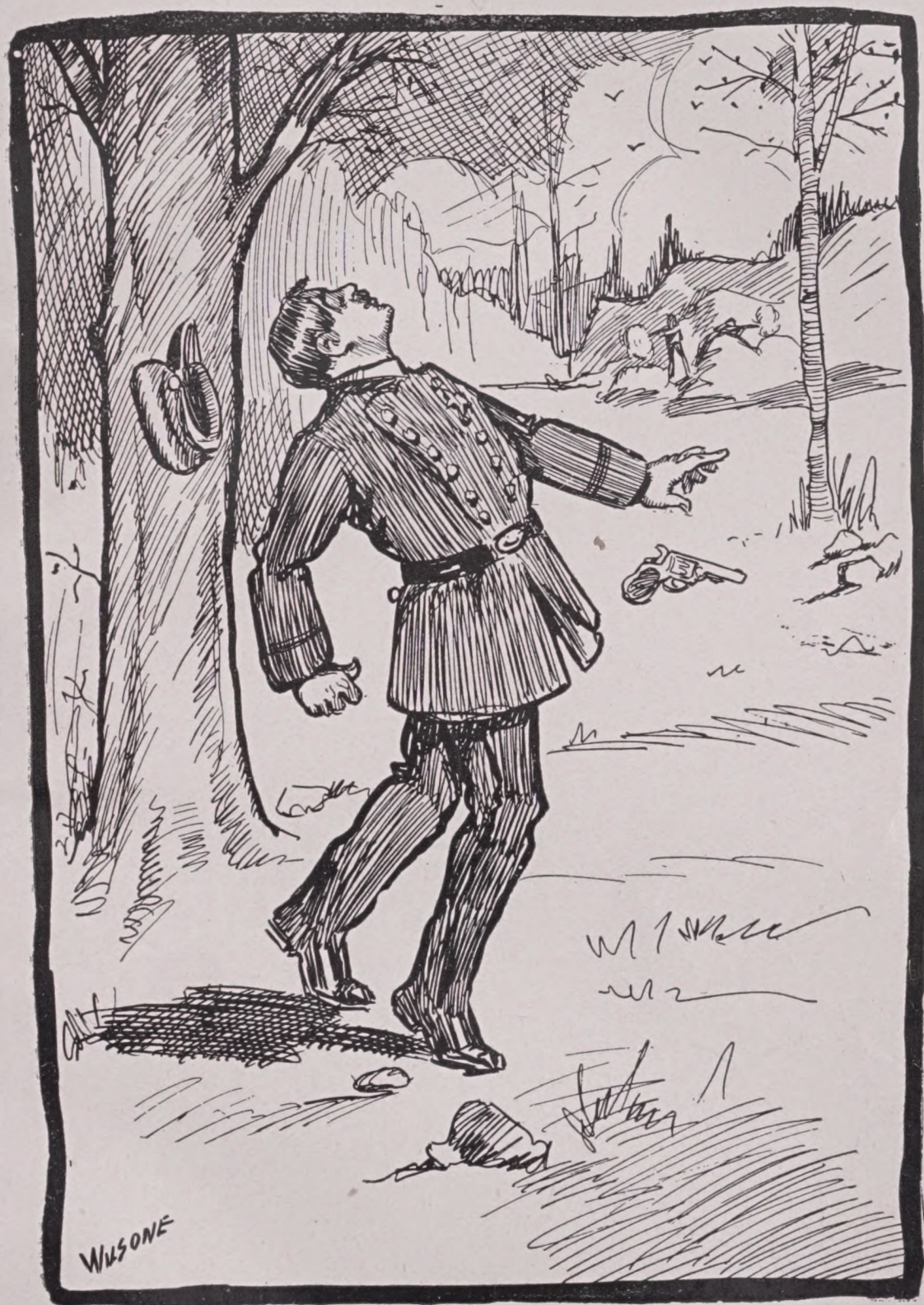
Van Dine had fired. Almost in the same instant, and before the echoes from the reverberations of the first shot had sounded, a second report rang out. Each had found its mark.

The first, fired with marvelous accuracy, had pierced Zimmer's ear and cut a scalp wound on his head. The second tore through his elbow at the joint.

"Come on, boys, we'll get them!" shouted Driscoll, who intrepidly rushed from behind his barricade and plunged toward Van Dine. He cocked his rifle as he ran and prepared to draw it to his shoulder.

"Crack! Bang!" Again the magazine gun ran out





Fall of the brave Driscoll.







with its unmistakable detonation, and Driscoll fell, mortally wounded.

"My God! They've got me!" moaned Driscoll, as he sank into the snow, a spot of crimson appearing under his right arm.

By this time there were three men in front of the dugout. Each held a magazine pistol in either hand, two of which were yet smoking.

"Do you want any more? Show yourselves!" cried one of the men.

"We've hit everything we can see," said Van Dine. Then mounting the railroad right-of-way he started up the track.

Close behind him bounded Roeske, Niedermeier following.

While the bandits were thus escaping, all was confusion in the ranks of the police. When it was seen that the enemy had decamped, the detectives turned their attention toward their wounded comrades. Driscoll, who was found to be shot through the abdomen, was tenderly carried up to the railroad track. As Detective Hughes on the embankment carefully supported his head, Van Dine turned and watched the proceedings from a distance of three hundred yards. He paused and took deliberate aim at the group. A



second shot rang out. For the first time in his life the bandit leader missed a human mark.

With their wounded and dying, the police then bent themselves to the sole task of seeking a method of transportation to the city.

The mortally injured Driscoll was, under the circumstances, made as comfortable as possible. The only hope of saving his life, it then seemed, was to get him as soon as possible to a hospital in Chicago.

While the men were working over the prostrate form of the brave officer, tearing their shirts into bandages, with which to staunch the flow of blood, the thundering of a train warned them that help was near at hand.

In vain they attempted to flag it. The engineer, not realizing the urgency of the situation, refused to either stop or slacken speed.

They then carried Driscoll to Miller's station, waited for a train to South Chicago and sent him with a comrade to the city. Then, with a desperate and overpowering desire for revenge, they again took up the trail of the fleeing bandits.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE BATTLE AT THE DUG-OUT.

The bandits, after shooting at Officer Hughes, who was supporting the prostrate Driscoll, turned into the brush at the side of the track, and assuming a steady dog trot, made their way toward Tolleston. Wild rumors of the battle at the dugout had already spread, even through that sparsely settled country.

Scores of men, armed in some cases with obsolete and almost useless weapons, were hastening to the scene.

"Where are you fellows going?" said Van Dine, hailing one of these parties.

"Going up to help capture those car-barners," was the answer. And then, "Who are you?"

"We are officers," was the ready reply, "and are going over here to get more men. You had better hurry up and get over there, as there are only a few of us and we are afraid they will get away."

The farmers hastened on, while Van Dine and his pals continued on their way.



"What is that over there?" suddenly asked Niedermeier, pointing to a place from which a column of smoke arose as though from a sand-dune.

"That's just the place we want to go to," was the terse response of the bandit leader. "It is the Garden City Sand Company's sand-pit."

And thither the men hastened.

On the sidetrack, leading to the sand-pit, stood a locomotive and a string of gravel cars of the Pennsylvania Railway.

"Get someone to throw that switch," yelled Van Dine to Niedermeier as he sprang forward toward the locomotive, whose injector, slowly working, told the story of rising steam.

Beside the iron horse stood Fireman Coffey, idly toying with an oil can.

"Jump in there just as fast as you know how," ordered Van Dine, indicating the cab with his pistol.

Startled and surprised as he was, one glance into those gleaming eyes gave warning to the fireman that this was no time for hesitation.

"Hurry up with that switch!" yelled Van Dine to Niedermeier, who was vainly trying to throw the lever.

Brakeman Sovea, young, fearless and quick to act, fully realizing that something was wrong, rushed to





Flight after stealing engine.







the struggling Niedermeier and tried to seize him. The switch had, however, been thrown. The sound of escaping steam told the story that the ponderous engine was under way.

To and fro the men, evenly matched in physical strength, fought by the side of the switch target, as the locomotive, steadily gaining speed, approached them.

One quick lunge and Niedermeier tore himself from his assailant's grasp, wresting his weapon from Sovea's desperate clutch as the engine passed them.

Athlete that he was, he found no difficulty in swinging himself up into the cab, but if he believed that he had thus easily eluded his wiry pursuer, he was mistaken.

Half overthrown by the force of that last wrench, Sovea with bull-dog tenacity, only held in his mind the idea of continuing his fight to protect the company's property.

With ever increasing momentum, the locomotive with wide open throttle sped past him. A spring, a quick seizing of the hand-rails by trained hands, and Sovea was on the gangway of the cab.

A blinding flash, the quick, crisp bark of a magazine gun, and the faithful brakeman, with a wild upthrowing



of his clenched hands, pitched backward, a lifeless heap, while the long gravel train thundered past.

"I fixed him quick," remarked the heartless Niedermeier, still holding his smoking weapon in his hand. "When anyone tries to take my gun away from me he will find I'm a bad man."

With leaps and bounds the engine rushed forward, while within the cab, the fireman sat in his unaccustomed seat, watched unceasingly by Van Dine, who continually menaced him with his gun. Roeske, crouched upon the fireman's seat, seemed dazed, hunted and overawed.

Niedermeier, a vicious leer upon his face, looked toward Van Dine.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"To Liverpool," replied Van Dine, and then glancing toward the rear, "unless those gravel-pit boys catch us."

Niedermeier, swinging himself from the cab, looked back toward the pits. As he did so a flash of fire from a shot-gun in the hands of a laborer, belched forth a charge of bird shot which scattered over the tender, some of them finding lodgement in Roeske's face.

With a snarl of rage Niedermeier fired at the man who had discharged the gun. A lucky movement on





Sovea, the brave brakeman, whose attempt to disarm Niedermeier cost him his life.







the part of the laborer, doubtless, saved his life. Before a second interchange of shots could take place, the engine had careened behind a sand-dune, separating the marksmen. Three hundred wildly infuriated laborers rushed up the track as though fatuously believing in the sudden excitement of the tragedy, that they could overtake the flying train.

For a few minutes no word was spoken within the cab. Hissing, rocking and swaying as though without balance, the engine swept with unaccustomed speed over the roughly laid track.

It suddenly emerged from the dreary dunes into a long, level stretch. Directly before it and standing skeleton-like, with warning finger thrown out, stood a towering semaphore. Its direction indicated that thus far and no further could they go. The fireman, disregarding the outlaws in that more menacing danger which now confronted him, frantically jerked the throttle shut and opened his air valve.

The huge machine, like a horse violently curbed in full speed, quivered as though remonstrating at an unexpected check.

"I can go no further," said the fireman, "or the engine will be ditched."

The bandits, lustily cursing, jumped from the cab.



Roeske, who was the swiftest runner of the trio, sprinted away in advance, as though with a deliberate plan of leaving his comrades. Van Dine and Niedermeier, running abreast, saw that he was rapidly leaving them.

A quick glance was interchanged and in Niedermeier's eyes came that cruel gleam of hate that had so often presaged death. He slackened his pace and his ready hand reached backward to his weapon.

"Let him alone, Pete," enjoined Van Dine, slackening to keep step with his companion. "This is not the time. A shot now would bring a hundred men on us before we could reach that cornfield."

"I'll kill him anyway," was Niedermeier's reply.

"Pete, you'll do what I say," said Van Dine, grasping Niedermeier's arm and staying the half-raised weapon. The men stopped their flight and Niedermeier looked into those gray, unflinching eyes. That which he saw there cowed him as a powerful blow would have done.

Reluctantly and with marked antagonism, he replaced the gun in his pocket. Off toward the denuded fields, whose staring shocks of yellow corn offered but slight shelter, sped the two bandits, while far to the fore, and with unslackened speed, ran Roeske.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### CORN SHOCKS ARE POOR FORTS—SURROUNDED BY FARMERS—THE SURRENDER.

It was a source of humiliation and chagrin to the Chicago police that a crowd of Hoosier farmers and hunters brought the bandits to bay and forced them to surrender. As they entered the corn field, the desperadoes, with that craftiness which characterized their every movement, immediately sought the cover of the tall corn-shocks.

Behind these, completely concealed, they were in a position to shoot with a free arm without betraying their exact position. Sixteen men were in the posse which surrounded the field, in which the outlaws made their last stand. They were led by Charles Hamilton, Fred Miller and John Dillon. Their arms were not of the deadly kind carried by the police. For the most part the guns in the posse consisted of squirrel and bird pieces, and with shot, not bullets, they were charged



To this circumstance, Neidermeier and Van Dine owed their lives. Eager to gather in the thousands of dollars reward which had been offered for the capture of the desperadoes, dead or alive, the head-hunters closed in on the corn field with cocked triggers, determined to bag their quarry before they could be interfered with by the Chicago officers. In fact the feeling was so strong in that section of Indiana, that the governor was appealed to to call out the militia and prevent the Chicago authorities from further prosecuting their quest for the bandits. Threats were made that the Chicago police would be arrested, if they attempted to take the fugitives out of Indiana. Plainly the desire to get the immense rewards was the incentive of the objectors.

While this state of affairs did not for an instant deter Assistant Chief of Police Schuettler and his men, none of them happened to be present when the final scene was enacted.

They were hot on the trail, however, the Illinois Central, Baltimore & Ohio, and Fort Wayne railroads having furnished special trains to carry the rifle squads whither they would go.

Now occurred the incidents which showed to the world that the notorious car barn bandits, the boast-





The realistic chase over the Indiana sand-dunes.







ful desperadoes who had terrified a city of millions, were not desperadoes at all, but merely a set of cheap, cowardly young assassins.

Always ready, wantonly, to shoot down in cold blood, any helpless, unarmed person who came in their way, even when nothing possibly could be gained by the murder, they found themselves at last in a position where their unerring marksmanship might be served to extricate them, but something more is required of a real desperado than marksmanship and the ability, after shooting people in the back, to run fast, and that is nerve.

Any coward can kill without endangering his own life, but it takes a desperate man to face death unflinchingly when he knows that there are equally brave men before him who are willing to stake their lives against his.

As they huddled behind their respective corn shocks, Van Dine and Niedermeier shook with fright. All of their desperation, all of the recklessness which they had made themselves believe was valor, oozed out at the tips of the shaking fingers which clutched the butts of their prized weapons of death.

Did these "desperadoes" shoot?

No. They crouched in terror and waited for a chance



to surrender. Where were all their brave resolutions, their pledges to stand by each other to the death?

Now they thought of home and mother! Well had it been for them had the thought come earlier and more frequent. Now these degenerate rascals harked back to the time when they reveled in mischief instead of following the paths of respectable boys.

Their game was up. Were they ready to die "with their boots on?" No! They were but small imitations of the men who die like that.

Mercy!

Could mockery be more clearly typified than in this cry behind those corn shocks.

Where did they learn the term? What was mercy? Could those eight spirits so lately sent to eternity but testify, what would they say of the interpretation of that word?"

A dog in their position would have fought back. A lizard would have risked his poor miserable life in flight. A game cock would have crowed defiantly and fought to the last gurgling gasp. A snake would have coiled for its final spring.

A MAN would have died in his tracks and at least had placed over his accursed grave: "He was game." But what a sight have we of these two craven cowards



trembling behind their corn shocks, too frightened even to fire on a scattered band of farmers armed with bird guns.

"Bang! Bang!" came from the edge of the field.

The leaves of the corn-shocks in front of them rustled sharply and both outlaws felt stinging sensations on their foreheads. Feeling of their wounds, they discovered them to have been made by the smallest kind of bird shot. They now knew they had little to fear from the weapons of the villagers who sought to capture them, as their deadly automatic pistols were capable of carrying their steel-tipped messengers of death a mile, and they were each able to hit anything they choose, as far as they could see it. But when the tall figure of Charles Hamilton, the Hoosier blacksmith, arose before them and sternly commanded them to "Throw up your hands, you devils, or I'll blow your measly heads off," what did they do with their six pistols?

Why, they almost forgot that they owned pistols, or ever had used one in their lives. They elevated their hands with much more alacrity than did many of the persons they later boasted of having murdered, because they did not obey quickly enough to suit them.

Into the snow went their guns.



"Come out here now," roared the big blacksmith, as he raised his shotgun and leveled it in their direction.

It was indeed a sorry looking pair that emerged. It was about as undignified a surrender as ever has been recorded. Niedermeier the terrible, came out crawling on his hands and knees. Van Dine was crouched, but he was not on his hands and knees, because he was extremely anxious to keep his hands in the air.

"Please don't kill us," he whimpered. "We're the car-barn bandits and there's \$1,000 reward out for each of us. If you shoot us you won't get the reward. I want to see my mother. We surrender."

As Niedermeier arose to his feet he said to Hamilton:

"Come to one side, I want to speak to you. Take one of those guns and kill me with it, please. I know what we have coming to us. We might better die on the spot."

"If you make any break to get away, I'll blow your head off, all right enough," responded the young blacksmith.

Their pistols safely out of their hands, the outlaws were not roughly handled, the countrymen feeling abundantly able to take care of a dozen such "despera-





The famous surrender in the Indiana corn field.







'does' as they. After assuring himself that their captors included no policeman from Chicago, and that they were in no danger of lynching, Van Dine began to boast.

"You have the honor of capturing two of the most desperate men in the world," he declared, forgetting for the moment the ignominious surrender he had made. Remembering it later he said:

"If you had been Chicago policemen we would have killed every one of you before we would have given up."

These remarks only amused the farmers and hunters. Hamilton, the leader, was in the latter class. The proceeding was a mere incident to him. Down in Indiana they have men who would just as soon hunt outlaws as jack-rabbits.

When the thought of returning to Chicago occurred to the pair they quailed. They begged to be taken to Crown Point, Ind., and placed in jail there, rather than venture back into Chicago, even under heavy police guard.

Quickly the prisoners were bound and in wagons they were hurried to the near-by station of Lake. Thence they were transferred to Tolleston, where the excited police took charge of them and escorted them



to Chicago. On the homeward trip they talked freely and boastfully of their many crimes, cursing Marx freely for his confession.

The posse then took up the hunt for Roeske, who had gone west from Tolleston, when he separated from his companions. They were too late, however, as Roeske had, through accident, already come to the end of his tether.

With animal cunning, the fugitive had taken what was really the best course to evade capture.

It was with not only relief, but elation as well, that he left his former comrades. In Roeske there was none of the bravado which stood in place of bravery. None realized better than he, that to remain with Van Dine and Niedermeier meant a double danger of death; because he had not only the fear of the officers weighing heavily upon him, but an almost certain knowledge that on the first favorable opportunity, either Niedermeier or Van Dine would kill him.

Roeske's plan, therefore, was to part with his former companions forever. As he fled with labored breath across the whitened, hummocky waste, he kept constant watch to the fore, or cast furtive glances behind. Dropping into a little hollow, where he was secure from observation, he made a partially successful at-



tempt, freely using his handkerchief as a towel and snow as a bath, to eradicate the traces of battle.

With the bloodstains obliterated from his face, he felt that but one thing more was necessary to make him appear as other men. That was a coat. Throughout the day he had fled, fought or rested, in his shirt-sleeves.

Finding that all pursuit had apparently ceased, he made bold on nearing the Aetna station of the Wabash railroad, four miles northeast of Liverpool, to enter a store and attempt the purchase of an outer garment. In this he failed. The proprietor, however, had no coat to sell. Even with this rebuff, his brazen cunning did not desert him. For once, he exhibited a certain amount of nerve. In a business-like way he walked into the station and purchased a ticket for Chicago.

Full fifty men, including officers in uniform, laborers in overalls, or farmers in shirt-sleeves, were clustered in and about the station, earnestly, eagerly, or excitedly discussing the day's events. Roeske mingled with them freely and finally sat down to await his train. Had he been but a few minutes sooner, he would, without detection, have been able to leave on a city-bound express, when he could have easily lost himself in the dark recesses of Chicago.



As he sat on the bench tired nature succumbed and Roeske slept.

Suddenly he was roughly aroused. A heavy hand clutched both arms and he was powerless to arise.

"What do you want?" he asked with a show of bewilderment.

"Who are you?"

"My name's Everett. I'm going to Chicago to hunt for a job."

"Stand up," commanded a gruff voice.

With alacrity Roeske, quite like a dog, complied, but in no manner did he betray the slightest emotion or nervousness. Two big hands went into his bulging hip pockets and drew forth two automatic pistols.

"He's our man," exultantly cried two or three men at once.

"I guess I am. The jig is up," quietly replied the exhausted bandit.

Two hours later he joined Van Dine and Niedermeier at the city hall in Chicago.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### CONFESSIONS OF VAN DINE AND NIEDERMEIER—BOAST- ING IN CAPTIVITY—UNPRECEDENTED SCENE IN OFFICE OF CHIEF O'NEILL.

Handcuffed together, Van Dine and Niedermeier faced Chief O'Neill, Assistant Chief Schuettler, Mayor Harrison and one hundred newspaper men, in the Chief's office in the city hall. Fresh from the battle in the corn field, their clothing was dirty, their faces streaked with blood and with shot holes in their heads, faces and clothing. Van Dine grinned. Niedermeier bore his ever-present smile—a sardonic leer.

"Marx told the truth," began Van Dine.

"Yes, that's enough." laughed Niedermeier as he shifted to the other foot. "If you want to tell about the car-barn thing go ahead," he added breezily.

"Well, chief, it was this way," said Van Dine, as he shrugged his shoulders. And then, with the air of a man who was about to tell the story of a football game or a golf match, the bandit leader told a story which



astounded his hearers. They felt that they were listening to a tale such as had never been heard by human ears before.

"We, Marx, Niedermeier, and myself, hung around the car barns at 79th street for several days before we robbed the Sixty-first street barn. We intended to do both jobs the same night. We did not do the 79th street job, because the last car and the men in charge of the cash left at the same time. The following night we hung around the barn until midnight. Then Marx scouted about the office. He was the tallest of the trio and stood upon his toes as he watched the cashier counting the money. It looked good to him and we thought our time had come.

"We all stepped into the barn. I carried a sledge in my hand that I had stolen when I worked for the Northwestern. I went into the outer office, off the barn. Niedermeier stopped at the window with the screen. Marx stood at a window in the outer office where transfers are passed out.

"I heard Marx sing out: 'Hold up your hands.' Niedermeier also told the men inside to hold up their hands. I was at the cashier's window with a sledge in my hand and a latest pattern Colt's gun in my pocket.



"When Marx and Niedermeier shouted, Edmond grabbed a Smith & Wesson revolver, nickel-plated. Stewart also grabbed at a gun. I don't know whether he used it or not.

"The noise we made awakened Motorman Johnson and Marx turned upon him without warning and shot him instantly. I am sure that it was Marx who killed Johnson. Then Niedermeier shot through the outer window, and at the same moment I swung the sledge and broke the office door down with a single blow. Then somebody ran past the door. I guess you called him Biehl.

"Meanwhile, Niedermeier pumped his gun through the window and when I entered the inside office through the open door, Edmond was on his knees and Stewart was breathing heavily. I knew he was gone, so I turned my attention to Edmond. I disarmed him of the gun he had and gave it to Marx. Later he pawned it."

At this point in the boastful narrative of Van Dine, Niedermeier broke in with:

"Don't talk so much about yourself. I hit two of those guys myself."

Van Dine resumed: "Then I seized all the green money I could see. I also picked a couple of trays of



silver. I had to leave one, because it would have made too big a load to carry. When we came out, we saw a policeman in full uniform and shot at him."

"You're mistaken, my boy," remarked Chief O'Neill, "that was a motorman's coat you saw."

"Well, we thought it was a policeman. Pete fired four shots at him. I gathered all I could carry of the money. Then we went through the wash-room and through a window into the back yard of a house in the rear of the car-barn. Following the paths, we reached Sixty-first street and walked over to the park. We sat down in the grass until daylight. The rest of our movements were exactly as stated by Marx."

"What were your movements after you heard of Marx's confession?" questioned Chief O'Neill.

"I was asleep in my home with Niedermeier," said Van Dine, "when Roeske came to our home on Springfield avenue and woke us up. He said that Marx had made a confession. We already knew that he had been arrested for killing Quinn and we made up our minds to rescue him at any cost.

"We planted ten sticks of dynamite in the garbage box, in the rear of 1819 Robey street. A man by the name of Jacoby lives there. With that, we intended to blow up the station and release Marx. We also



laid around the home of Blaul for two nights. If we had seen him we would have killed him on the spot.

"But I am off the track. When we got up, we took a car to the heart of the city. We made no attempt to conceal ourselves and walked leisurely through the down town district. Then we took an elevated train and rode to Stony Island avenue. Then we took a South Chicago car and went to the end of the line. I knew where there was a dugout, used by hunters, and I found it. It was not suited to our purpose and we moved to another dugout a mile or so away. That's where we had our first fight with the police."

As he finished his horrible tale, Van Dine yawned and stretched. Turning to Niedermeier in a matter-of-fact way, he said:

"Well, Pete, I guess we'd better be going along home."

Even the intense gravity of the scene could not keep the onlookers from smiling.

"Not yet," declared Assistant Chief Schuettler. "We have a lot to say to you yet."

The Assistant Chief then went on to enumerate all of the crimes committed by the bandits and to each of them Van Dine and Niedermeier glibly confessed. Then Van Dine continued:



"We did not want to leave Chicago. In fact we were planning to return tonight and release Marx. We had looked over all the car-barns in the city and would probably have robbed one of them tonight if we had not surrendered.

"We were also going to lay for Blaul and it is lucky for him that we came in shackled. We would have got him sure. I had a lot of clothes at home I wanted to get, and I wanted to see my mother again before my trial. I expect it will come up before long and I am willing to take what's coming to me."

Preparations were then made for photographing the prisoners, but Van Dine balked.

"I want to wash up before they take any snap shots of me," he said gruffly. "We want to look pretty in the papers, don't we Pete."

"You bet, I'd like to get a shave, too," replied Niedermeier.

When, for the time being, they were refused these privileges, they became exceedingly angry and leered viciously at their captors.

"With impassive countenance, Mayor Harrison listened to the entire confession.

"Well, I declare," he said as he drew a deep sigh, when the men had completed their stories. "One of



those men looked at me with an eye that seemed to say 'I would shoot you on sight.'

"Considering the terrible rascality of these men, I must say that it is one of the biggest captures made in the history of the police department. I congratulate every man who had any part in it."



## CHAPTER XXVI.

OTHER MURDERS BY NIEDERMEIER—BOASTS OF DEEDS IN WEST—ROBBING STAGE COACHES AND TRAINS.

When the police, by the accident which resulted in the murder of Detective Quinn, discovered the identity of the car-barn assassins and unraveled many other mysteries which had been furnished Chicago for months past, they little thought that the operations of the gang, or at least a portion of it, had extended into many states of the Union.

The country at large was no more astounded than they, when the information came from the lips of Peter Niedermeier that he had taken part in some of the boldest robberies and hold-ups of recent years in the west.

During his recital, however, Niedermeier proved loyal to his pals and positively refused to name those who attended him on the occasions he recounted. Others of the bandits had acknowledged having taken trips east and west but had confessed to no crimes on



these excursions, so the authorities were inclined to the belief that the deeds mentioned by Niedermeier were the work of the clique to which he belonged.

This startling confession of Niedermeier also goes to strengthen the belief that there were others in the gang of young desperadoes, than those upon whom the law has set its clutch.

It was evidently with a desire to "steal some of the thunder" of Van Dine, whom the newspapers had characterized as the leader and moving spirit of the "Magazine Trio" that Niedermeier laid bare his story of blood thirsty adventures in other parts, and no less an inclination to shine more himself than to shield his friends, that he left their names out of his tale.

After telling of slaying a brakeman when he was fourteen years old, before the organization of the "Magazine Trio," he told of holding up a Baltimore & Ohio passenger train near Edgemoor, Ind., on the night of August 1, 1901, when he and several partners flagged the train and forced the express messengers to open the strong box at the point of revolvers. No murders were committed on this occasion.

Perhaps the most spectacular hold-up in which Niedermeier participated and the one which savored



most of the wild west was the robbery of a gambling house in Nevada.

"We made a good job of that all right," declared Niedermeier later, to a newspaper man, in the presence of police officials. "One fellow didn't have sense enough to hold up his hands and he got all that was coming his way. Dead? Well, quite.

"They usually know a hold-up out west when they see one, and when you get the drop they have intelligence enough to sling up their hands like good little boys.

"There was \$6000 in sight and we didn't care if we did shoot a few, or the whole mob for that matter. There were quite a few people in the place and the stakes were running high. We calculated well and arrived just as things were getting good and interesting.

"Only one fellow made a fight and that was the keeper.

"Now what do you think of a man that's sitting down, wedged in at a faro table, dealing cards out of a little box, who hasn't any more sense than to jump when there's a gun sticking into his face.

"I never did find out what his name was, but he was a fool. The rest all lined up against the wall and



let us go through them. Say it was like taking candy from children, but this faro dealer—he had to jump up and reach for his gun.

“Well, he didn’t get very far. One of the boys settled him in short order. We had a wagon waiting, and hopped into it with the \$6000 and made for a train. They never got a smell of us after that.”

What Niedermeier considers one of the hugh jokes of his bloody career, is the fact, that a man who was mistaken for him in Kentucky committed suicide when he saw certain death facing him at the hands of an armed posse.

More than a year previous to this writing an Illinois Central mail train was speeding southward near Paducah, Ky., when it was signalled to stop at a lonely stretch of track in the woods. Thinking that some track-walker had found something amiss with the rails the engineer halted his train.

The next instant he and the fireman were covered with pistols held by two masked men, who clambered over the tender.

“Up with your hands or you’re dead men,” shouted one of the bandits with an oath, and the engine crew complied. Meantime, the door of the mail-car had been beset by three other robbers. Upon threats of



blowing up the entire train if they failed to obey, the mail clerks opened the door and the bandits entered.

Seizing three heavily filled mail-sacks, the robbers **jumped** to the ground, giving warning to the trainmen and clerks that if they attempted to follow they would be slain in cold blood.

While this was going on in the mail car, the two desperadoes on the tender had forced the engineer and fireman to uncouple the engine from the train. They were then compelled to climb back into the cab and when the other bandits had boarded the engine, the persuasive influence of three or four six-shooters induced the engineer to open the throttle and send the engine speeding down the track.

Arriving at the point in the woods upon which they had calculated to disembark the robbers made the engineer stop. They alighted and informed the driver to keep on going if he valued his life. Apparently the engineer did, for he "kept on going."

So soon as the news of the hold-up reached Paducah, the railway officials and local authorities offered large rewards for the apprehension of the culprits, and a regular, old-fashioned blue-grass man hunt was on in short order.

Even Kentucky posses, however, were not equal to



Niedermeier and his kind in craftiness, as subsequent events proved.

Special Agent Murray, of the railroad company and his posse soon ran down a man whom they believed from his appearance to be Niedermeier. The fugitive was surrounded in a swamp and after having put up a hopeless battle for his life, he cut his throat.

This man's name was Barnes and until Niedermeier laughingly related the incident, it was actually believed that he was one of the train robbers.

"Why that fellow Barnes was nearly frightened to death at being taken for me," said Niedermeier. "I was right around there in a farm house for three days and when I got back to Louisville, I had to laugh to think that he had croaked himself, after having had nothing to do with the job. But I'll tell you one thing—it's enough to make a man take a shot at himself when he sees a couple of hundred head-hunters crawling around in the grass and waiting to make him look like an old sponge."

Another spectacular hold-up, to which Niedermeier confessed, was the robbery of a Wells-Fargo stage coach at Butler, Nev., when a large amount of cash was secured. Among the train robberies which he mentioned in his narrative, was the hold-up of a North-



western passenger train near Boone, Ia., in the Spring of 1903.

Of his minor offenses, he boasted of the ease with which he had held up the Franklin Park station of the Wisconsin Central railroad.

As an indication of the mental make-up of this young brigand, it is peculiarly interesting to note, that in the same breath with which he boasted of his inhuman accomplishments he spoke of his mother.

"I want to know that my mother will be cared for after I am hanged," he said. "I can tell you all about a lot of crimes that you fellows don't know anything about, but first I want you to guarantee to me that my mother will receive the thousands of dollars in rewards that are offered for information regarding the perpetrators of them."



## CHAPTER XXVII.

DRAMATIC SCENES FOLLOW—MRS. VAN DINE PLEADS  
VAINLY TO SEE HER BOY.

Dramatic situations followed each other as thickly after the capture of the bandits, as they had done before the game of adventure and blood which these young men had so strenuously played, was ended by handcuffs and iron bars. No writer of melodrama could have invented more striking scenes than occurred in the Harrison street police station, the jail, and police headquarters in the city hall.

By a strange coincidence, Mrs. Sophie Van Dine, mother of the bandit leader, had known Assistant Chief of Police Schuettler from her schooldays. She was a prominent figure in charitable movements on the northwest side and often had conferred with that official regarding her favorite projects, which, strange to say were the keeping of young boys off the streets at night and the rescue of young girls from evil company.



In a burst of hysterical grief, after the capture of her boy, Mrs. Van Dine related circumstances of a startling nature regarding an offer she said she had made to her old friend, Assistant Chief Schuettler, to find the hiding place of Harvey and turn him over for imprisonment.

"Oh, if Herman Schuettler had only listened to me last night, I could have saved my boy from this last awful crime," she sobbed, as she was led away from the Harrison street station after an ineffectual attempt to see Harvey.

"I went to see Herman last night," she wailed, in choking, heart-broken tones, "and I told him that I could get the boy for him without bloodshed. I told him that I expected to hear from him to-day, and that I would go directly to him and bring him in. I also told him, that if he knew of Harvey's whereabouts, at that minute, and was concealing it from me, to tell me and I would go to him and persuade him to give himself up.

"He said he thought it would be a good plan and even then his officers were surrounding my boy."

The woman's bosom seemed about to burst with the anguish that surged within. Often her lips parted to speak but no sound came from them. Her eyes were



dim with tears and she lapsed into a state which seemed to the pretty little newspaper-woman who, weeping herself, was trying to comfort the stricken mother, to be bordering on a trance.

"Why, if they had only told me," she sobbed, "I would have gone to that lonely dug-out in the middle of the night. I would have trudged over those desolate sand-dunes. I would have crawled on my hands and knees through that dreary wilderness, if necessary; I know my dear boy, whom they hunted like a wild beast, would have listened to his mother's pleadings and returned with me to the city.

"And think what awful bloodshed would have been averted. I was afraid of this. I feared, if Harvey were brought to bay he would shoot. Oh, why did I not make him give himself up days ago.

"When he left home, he promised to keep me informed of his movements. He was to do this by writing messages to a friend of mine, who would bring them to me. Yesterday I looked for word from my boy. I wondered why it did not come.

"And while I was wondering, they were down there forcing him to commit—"

The devoted mother could not voice the word "murder" in connection with her son. Her voice died away



in a little dry, choked sob, more pitiful than passionate.

"All about the car-barn murderers captured! Van Dine and Niedermeier caught!"

The shrill cry of a newsboy smote the ears of Mrs. Van Dine, as a grimy hand thrust a paper before her. It was as if she had been struck in the face with a club. Her form stiffened and her face for a moment twitched as though some terrible pain had seized her.

In a moment, however, she recovered herself and walked on. In that flitting incident an observer might have detected in the woman, one of those qualities which served her son so well in his moments of danger. It might have been seen whence sprung the fortitude and self-control which were such marked characteristics of the leader of the desperadoes.

Determined to see Harvey, if it were within the bounds of possibility, the heart-sick woman waited upon Chief O'Neill.

Composing herself, buoyed by the hope that the superintendent would be more kindly than his under officers, she sat in a chair and waited his coming. By her side was her younger son, Frank.

As the grizzled old veteran, who in his life of service had participated in hundreds of pathetic scenes, entered the office, he shrank instinctively from the ordeal



which he knew awaited him. For many sleepless hours he had striven to place in the shadow of the gallows, the offspring of the woman he now faced.

Victory was his. He joyed in his triumph. He had done his duty by the law and the city whose principal protector he was. His work was done. Months of brain-racking, stormy experiences had at last come to an end and he was vindicated, but here was a new trial—an unnecessary trial, it might be said—for the kindly heart of this faithful, fearless, firm-jowled man. Had he been allowed to speak first, his position would perhaps have been less disagreeable, but it was not to be.

The mother of his prisoner, the boy whom he had given orders to kill on sight, sprang to her feet and rushed at him. She grasped both of his big hands in her dainty, trembling, twitching ones. A score of men in the room ceased talking and a hush as of death fell upon the group.

“Chief,” cried the woman, raising her eyes appealingly to his, “please, oh, please, Chief, won’t you let me see my Harvey just a minute—a minute, Chief—just a little minute. Surely it’s not much to ask. He needs me, Chief—I am his mother.”

It was a scene of dramatic sadness. Everybody in



the room knew what the answer would and must be, and more than one man furtively passed his coat sleeve across his eyes, but O'Neill withstood the trial. He looked away from the tense, pale face of the woman before him and firmly withdrew his hands from her feverish grasp.

"I cannot do it, Madam," he said steadily, but it was plain his tone was forced. "Your son is safe. He has been attended to. He had some blood on his face, but I washed it off myself with a towel. He has had his supper and he is all right down stairs."

"But Chief—please—he—I'm—"

By this time the policeman was fully himself. In a cold monotone, his glance resting on vacancy, as if a vision were before him of the men who had fallen before the pistol of this woman's son, he spoke:

"He's better off than some of those poor devils he shot. Your boy's done a lot of killing to-day, but he's alive, not even badly hurt."

Again the woman's strength served her. Disdaining to give way before those whom she felt had wronged her boy, she drew herself up with a show of pride and led her little son from the room.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

“I’LL MARRY YOU ON THE GALLOWS”—BANDIT’S SWEET-  
HEART REMAINS TRUE—OTHER PRISONERS MISS  
SUCH ATTENTIONS.

“Harvey—my love—my sweetheart—I’ll wed you even at the foot of the gallows.”

Oblivious of a score of onlookers, with tears streaming down her pretty cheeks, her slender form quivering with emotion, Van Dine’s sweetheart made this passionate declaration in the cell room of the Harrison street police station, the morning following the tragic events among the Indiana sand-dunes.

“You have committed murder, they say, Harvey, but I won’t believe it even though you say it yourself,” went on the girl, her words welling forth from her full, spasmodically heaving bosom in an uncontrollable torrent. “No! no!—whatever you have done, Harvey, you are mine. They can’t take you from me. You will be mine even in death. If you must die I’ll marry you first, Harvey, I love you—I love you—I love you,



I'll be faithful and true. I was to have been your bride so soon, but this cannot change it."

For the first time since his capture,, the bandit leader exhibited signs of emotion. They were brief, however, and the sob that surged within him was choked back before it escaped.

"You're a devoted girl, and I love you," he answered. "But they have me now, you see, and there isn't much use in you putting yourself before the public in any way that will leave the taint of my deeds upon your fair name after—after—"

A faint scream burst from the girl.

"Oh, Harvey, don't! You will kill me. Don't say it!"

A gasp ended this outburst, the girl swayed and would have fallen, had not Mrs. Van Dine, who stood beside her, caught the lithe form in her arms.

The strong fingers of the young athlete in the cell, clutched at the heavy iron bars convulsively. His eyes glittered like those of a caged beast, taunted and jabbed by a tormentor, which it is powerless to reach.

"I will be brave for your sake, Harvey," said the girl, faintly, after she had recovered herself, but her resolution was stronger than her powers. This time



the sight of the two heroic women, who still retained their love for him when all the world held curses and no promise but that of death, proved too much for the self-control of even the hardened and imprisoned bandit.

A sob that would not down, burst from him, and his head dropped to the arm which leaned against the cell door. His short, powerful frame shook with emotion.

"My boy," cried Mrs. Van Dine, as she reached out to him through the bars.

And "my boy" moaned his sweetheart, her limp form falling against the grating.

To these two women, the man before them was not the villainous, calloused murderer, the criminal, not the desperado, but—their boy.

Their arms encircled his neck and they drew his face toward the bars. Kisses were showered upon his face and forehead and their tears mingled with his. In an instant, however, they were crying alone, as Van Dine drew himself together and stood back from the cell door.

"Harvey, you've done wrong," sobbed his mother, "you must pay the penalty—you must die."

The bandit stared stolidly at her.

"Harvey, aren't you sorry? I have nothing in my



heart but love for you. You're my boy. You did wrong, but you must die."

"I got that shirt you sent, mother. How about the other clothes."

This was the bandit, the cool, heartless desperado. This was the man who could face bullets as well, or better, than tears. He began to talk of common-place things. For a time the spectre of death that had hovered before the trio seemed to have vanished.

Then the remembrance returned with sweeping force and overwhelmed mother and sweetheart alike.

"Good by—Good by. I'll take care of ——," said Mrs. Van Dine. "She'll be my daughter, now. Oh, my son, are you ready to die?"

Harvey Van Dine looked straight at his anguished parent.

"Mother," he said, "I've made my confession. I've made a clean breast of the whole thing."

As in a somnambulent state, the two women then turned and walked toward the entrance. As she ascended the stairs, Mrs. Van Dine was accosted by a friend. In answer to a sympathetic remark, she said:

"You saw the snow fall this morning. A mother's love is like that. It covers all faults, it covers everything; it covers all weaknesses—yes, even sin as black as night."



"My boy has done wrong—I know it—the world knows it. He must pay the penalty. In the eyes of the law he is a desperado—a murderer—but to me he can never be anything else than my own boy—my Harvey."

"And to think that he was such a model boy at home" said the friend, "he never caused you the slightest heartache."

Mrs. Van Dine raised her head. "Never," she answered, with a mother's triumphant belief in her own child. "Never. He was always tender, thoughtful and true to me—a loyal son and a faithful sweetheart to the girl of his choice. Even knowing his faults as we do, we can never think of him as other than the Harvey we knew at home."

Supporting the younger woman, the bandit's mother, unheeding the glances of the morbid crowd which surrounded the police station, wended her way to a street-car and returned to her desolate home.

As she left the cell-room, the turnkey heard Emil Roeske, who was confined in an adjoining cell, remark to his neighbor, Niedermeier:

"Pretty fierce, wasn't it,"



## CHAPTER XXIX.

SPEEDY PUNISHMENT PLANNED—MARX READY FOR GAL-  
LOWS AT ONCE—ASKS TO BE TRIED FIRST—AR-  
RAIGNED IN COURT—LAWYERS RETAINED—  
DYNAMITE FOUND NEAR JAIL.

“Railroad them to the gallows.”

This was the cry which went up in Chicago the day following the capture of the outlaws. The press demanded it and the pulpit recommended it. The public stood as a unit for the immediate punishment of the four confessed slayers of innocent men—the four men who valued human life in pennies and dimes.

Extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent a lynching, while the men were prisoners at the Harrison street lockup, and immediately after the formality of their arrangement in police court, where they were held to the criminal court on charges of murder in the first degree, they were taken to the county jail. The grand-jury made haste to vote indictments against them.



When Marx was arraigned in police court he pleaded guilty.

"Go ahead and make it short and hang me," he said.

Attorneys retained by the families of the other men, in the face of their flat confessions, prevailed upon them to enter pleas of not guilty and this they did, although they treated the entire proceeding as a joke.

In the light of the fact, that all of the accused had made confessions, State's Attorney Deneen and his aids arranged to have the trials take place simultaneously, but counsel for Roeske managed to secure a separate trial for his man.

Never in the history of Cook county, were such precautions taken against the escape of prisoners as were put in force after the incarceration of the car-barn bandits and their companion in crime, Roeske. Never did such fear of the destruction of the jail enter the hearts of those intrusted with its guarding and management.

Repeated warnings, that the bandits were possessed of friends on the outside as desperate as they, reached Jailer Whitman and Sheriff Barrett. It was feared that an attack would be made during visiting hours and every man, woman and child who entered the jail was



examined before being permitted to enter that portion in which the desperadoes were confined.

By night and by day, detectives hovered close to the jail and patrolled the streets in the neighborhood. Every pedestrian at night was compelled to give an account of himself and explain his presence in the vicinity.

None but the relatives of the four youths, were allowed to visit them, and then only in the presence of several guards. The latter were heavily armed and bore instructions to act as they saw fit in case they detected anything suspicious in the actions either of the relatives or the prisoners.

It was largely due to Assistant Chief Schuettler that these unusual precautions were taken. Having from the first been solely responsible for the discovery and capture of the bandits and the unraveling of the seemingly unfathomable car-barn mystery, the officer felt it his duty to keep his eye on the men whom he had brought within the very shadow of the gallows.

"There won't be much need of a trial," said Schuettler. "I have their signed confessions all tucked snugly away in a pigeon-hole in my desk. But I'll tell you what the county jail people want to look out for. That's this: those fellows have a lot of friends that



fairly idolize them and glory in their deeds of blood. Hundreds of young fellows on the Northwest Side would actually change places with any of them at this time, just to obtain the notoriety that goes with it.

"Some of these outsiders are crooks and some are not. Some of them are relatives."

In accordance with the recommendations of the Assistant Chief, Jailer Whitman caused the prisoners to be separated from each other, so that communication was impossible between them. They were taken from the old and weaker section of the jail building, and placed in high cells in the strongest part of the massive stone pile which forms the new jail.

All sorts of speculation was made concerning the probable manner in which the confessed murderers would seek to escape the gallows. Members of the legal profession in interviews, stated almost to a man, that there was not the slightest chance of any of the bandits escaping with a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Mrs. Van Dine decided to make the hardest kind of a fight for her son's life and engaged three lawyers. Each of the other prisoners had one attorney. Then it began to leak out that the brigands, with their damning confessions on record against them, and the



blood of nearly a dozen men still red upon their hands, would seek to dodge death at the hands of the hangman by means as audacious and unique as they had employed in committing the crimes which brought them to murderers' row.

Roeske was the first to come forward with a novel explanation of his terrible deeds. This, much to the amusement of several millions of people who had followed the story of the bandits in the daily prints, was nothing else than that he had been hypnotized by Niedermeier.

The latter, declared Roeske, held him all during the career of the murderous band, completely under a spell. It seemed almost a joke, therefore, when the announcement followed that Niedermeier intended to make his defence an insanity plea. Van Dine "stood pat," and, like the others, seemed to consider the whole legal business a mere formality. Marx said nothing and left matters entirely in the hands of his lawyer, at whose suggestion he changed his plea of guilty to one of not guilty. The whole thing seemed a farce to the bandits themselves, who laughed grimly over the idea of a trial in a case like theirs.

It was not by process of law, however, that these four desperadoes hoped to cheat the hangman. It



was by means more typical of the men—means which meant more murder.

How silently and snake-like they set about plotting their escape, was shown a few days after their incarceration in the county jail, when enough dynamite to reduce the jail building to a crumbling pile, was found secreted in an alley near the structure. Who placed it there and what was the extent of the plan of which its hiding was a part, furnished a mystery which has not yet been solved. As time went on and nothing happened in the way of an attempted rescue, the bandits appeared worried and disappointed, indicating that they were parties to some kind of a desperate plan and that they fully expected liberation from the outside.



## CHAPTER XXX.

NIEDERMEIER ATTEMPTS TO BRIBE GUARD WITH OFFER OF  
\$25,000—ROESKE SAWS THROUGH BARS—PLAN OF  
ESCAPE DISCOVERED AND BROTHERS ARRESTED.

Their crafty minds incessantly working on plans for escape, the imprisoned desperadoes spent little time in sleep after their confinement in the county jail. Knowing that they were constantly watched, however, they regularly sought their hard bunks at night and feigned slumber. All the time, however, they were turning over in their active brains the possibilities of gaining freedom from confinement, which they felt certain must end in death on the gallows.

They had admitted their guilt in the presence of scores of witnesses. Marx had affixed his signature to a confession implicating the entire band and the others had endorsed it boastfully. Of Marx's confession Van Dine had said:

"Marx told the truth."

In the language of the street they "could see their



finish." Their only hope of life lay in escape. No wonder that they pondered deeply and spent their entire time in calculation.

Niedermeier was first to make the attempt. His was a clever scheme and but for the fact that the man whom he sought as an accomplice, happened to be honest and incorruptible, it would have resulted in success.

One night Guard Donnelly was passing Niedermeier's cell when the latter called to him.

"Oh, Harry, I want to talk to you," he said.

The guard paused upon the balcony and turned, facing the man within the grated cell. Niedermeier leered out at him, a fiendish smile playing about his lips. His attitude was one of eager expectancy.

"Come closer, Harry, I want to say something to you."

Sternly the guard returned his gaze.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to talk confidentially to you," whispered Niedermeier.

"I have no confidences with you," returned Donnelly. On second thought he approached the bars, believing that perhaps the bandit desired to volunteer some confession.



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"Well, there's something in it for you," said Niedermeier in a still lower tone.

"How's that?"

"Well, I'm getting good and tired of staying here in jail and I think we can fix it up between us so I won't have to be bothered any more."

"I don't see how we could," replied the guard, seeking to draw the prisoner on, fearing some plot was afoot.

"Well, I'll make you a money proposition," the prisoner went on. "There's just \$25,000 in it for you if you get me out of here."

"How can I get you out," queried Donnelly, repressing his astonishment at this unexpected turn in Niedermeier's conversation.

"You leave that to me," returned the prisoner. "All I say is that there is no need of you hanging around here for a few dollars a week, and there is no need of me staying in here. What do you say?"

"But how can all this be done?" said Donnelly, with simulated interest as Niedermeier became more confidential.

"As to getting out, you get me some old clothes and I'll get them on and fix my face up all right so that they won't know me. Then' when we are out in the



exercising room you just open the door and I'll walk out. I can get away in the old clothes without them recognizing me. They'll think I'm a visitor. The job would be dead easy and you would have all the money you needed for some time."

"But" replied Donnelly, "that would be hard to do and besides, where would you get the \$25,000?"

"Leave that to me," retorted Niedermeier, with a shake of his head. "I've made money before and I can make it again. I can make it so quick it would make your head swim."

"Have you got anybody on the outside who can get this money and turn it over at once?" asked Donnelly, drawing the man on.

"No, I've got to get out to get it. And I'll get it too. You know me."

"Well, I'll think it over," answered the guard and then he went to Jailer Whitman and detailed to him the entire conversation.

The guard about the cell of Niedermeier was immediately doubled.

Shortly after this episode the dynamite was discovered with which it was believed confederates of the bandits intended to blow up the jail. Within the five days immediately following the arrest of the desper-



adoes, twenty hold-ups occurred, in several of which, the victims were wounded or murdered, and this strengthened the opinion of the police regarding the outside connections of the quartette.

It was only the breaking of a saw that prevented Roeske from executing a plan for jail delivery on a wholesale scale. A guard observed that he was restless and slept little. He walked over to the cell door and paused to look in. As he peered into the dark interior his hand rested against one of the heavy bars. To his astonishment it gave way before his touch. A jerk and he held in his hand an eighteen-inch section. Before him was a hole large enough to permit of the passage of a man's body.

Roeske leaped from his bunk and with bated breath glared at the man who had accidentally spoiled his plan of escape. Quickly drawing his revolver the guard covered the enraged prisoner.

"You were just ready to quit, weren't you?" he said.

"Yes, and I may leave you yet," shouted the desperado as he glanced meaningly at the aperture.

"Stand back from there or you're a dead man," commanded the guard, and Roeske, cringing before the pistol, obeyed. The alarm was at once given and a careful examination of every cell in the jail was made,



it being feared that the instrument with which the bar had been sawed had been passed along to other prisoners by Roeske.

No other tampering was discovered, however, and steps were immediately taken to discover by what means Roeske procured the saw with which he sundered the bar. He was obdurate when questioned and sullenly refused to say anything further than to curse the luck which had frustrated his carefully laid plan to escape.

"More would have gone with me, too," he declared defiantly. From this remark the jail authorities were convinced that Roeske intended to overpower the guard nearest him when he had gained the balcony, seize his weapons and keys and thus armed, release his companions in crime and hundreds of other prisoners.

Assistant Chief of Police Schuettler, with his usual readiness to ferret out the means and motives of criminals, hurried detectives to the Roeske residence as soon as he heard of the discovery of the sawed bar. His supposition proved correct, for when a trunk belonging to Emil was broken open, it was found to contain elaborate plans, written and drawn in the hand of



the prisoner, for his escape from the jail with the aid of his brothers, Herman and Otto.

The instructions and drawings, which had been sent through the mail, showed marked familiarity with the interior and exterior arrangement and environment of the jail. The scheme was for the two brothers to gain the roof of a neighboring building, place a ladder from the coping across the alley to the window nearest Roeske's cell and signal to the prisoner. Then was to begin the dash for liberty which in all probability would have furnished the most bloody battle in history.

The Roeske boys were immediately arrested and held for trial, charged with attempting to liberate their brother. Roeske persistently refused to tell who brought him the saw with which he cut the bar and with which it is supposed he expected his companions and other prisoners to do likewise.

"If it hadn't broken on me, you would have seen some fun," declared the desperado. "I threw the pieces in the gutter and they went out that way."



## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CRIME—THE TRIAL AND CONVICTION—"GUILTY."

By a strange coincidence, it required a month of time, and the expenditure of thousands of dollars before a jury could be impanelled to sit in judgment on the notorious desperadoes; and, the same length of time for their trial. Roeske, not having been implicated in the car-barn tragedy, was held in jail, while Marx, Van Dine and Niedermeier went into court on the charge of having jointly been responsible for the murder of Cashier Stewart and Motorman Johnson.

Assistant State's Attorney Olson and Fletcher Dobyns, indefatigable workers and prosecutors of great resource, took charge of the case for the state, and George M. Popham, representing Marx, C. C. Bartlett and S. C. Irving, defending Van Dine, and H. C. Walsh and Ninian Welch, representing Niedermeier.

It was on the morning of January 6, that the bandits were led from the jail into the court-room of Judge



Kersten, in the big criminal court building, there to make their pleas.

A sardonic leer, a devilish grin disfigured the already brutal countenances of the three outlaws, as they answered the terrible charge with which they were confronted.

Such a travesty upon truth, such a burlesque of all sense of morality and justice had never before shocked the public, and as their perjured answer "Not Guilty" echoed through the court room, a sense of disgust took possession of the spectators and their feeling of repulsion could not be repressed.

The same lips which so complacently answered "Not Guilty," had not many hours before boastfully confessed to crime after crime, murder after murder, needlessly, recklessly, wantonly committed for the sake of a few paltry dollars.

From that moment until the end of the trial, the court room was crowded to suffocation with a strange mingling of persons. The painted woman of the street, the bejeweled society queen, far apart in point of social station, but on a common level in the possession of a morbid mind, eagerly drank in the disgustingly awful details.

The prisoners had sought to appear at their best to



the throng of curiosity seekers, whose misdirected sympathies they knew would be concentrated upon them.

While the jury was being drawn, the desperadoes grinned and laughed. Man after man, score upon score of good citizens, went upon the stand and declared their unfitness to serve as impartial jurors. All held opinions. All were familiar with the hideous details of the crimes of the men before them and they looked upon them with loathing and disgust.

Day after day, a seemingly endless stream of veniremen were examined. Occasionally one would be found who thought it possible to set his opinions aside and as a juror act fairly and impartially. After twenty-eight days, all of the twelve chairs were filled and the battle was on; a battle for the lives of three youths who had boasted of having slain almost a dozen men.

On February 8, Assistant State's Attorney Olson arose and faced the jury. Simply and forcefully, he painted for them the terrible picture which by the sworn testimony of dozens of witnesses, he intended to prove was accurate in every detail. Then the lawyers for the defense made their feeble opening statements and the fight began in earnest.

It was at this point, that the bandits felt the grim



reality of their position. For the first time they realized that they were actually on the threshold of the gallows. As might have been expected of men of their stamp, they wilted.

Hardly had the proceedings begun, before Marx cast consternation into the camp of his former companions, by coldly deserting them. Attorney Popham, in the hope of saving Marx from the extreme penalty of the law, offered his client to the State as a witness against Van Dine and Niedermeier. It was argued that he had been the first to confess, and that had it not been for his confession after slaying Detective Quinn, a knowledge of the other criminals and their capture would have been impossible.

Knowing, however, that he had an irrefutable case against all of the murderers, Mr. Olson spurned the offer of Marx with contempt. From that time on, Attorney Popham took little part in the proceedings and the frightened Van Dine and Niedermeier leered viciously across the table at Marx, muttering curses at him for his traitorous conduct.

Before introducing the confessions of the three men, the State wove a direct and circumstantial chain of evidence around the bandits, which in itself, was sufficient to convict. Witnesses were brought from distant cities



and states to corroborate the statements of the two hundred honest men who had contributed to the web which was woven in terrible meshes about the necks of the three cowardly prisoners. The defense fought hard against the admission of the confessions, but to no avail. It then directed its efforts toward showing that the confessions had been extorted. This contention was shattered to infinitesimal fragments by such men as Mayor Harrison, Chief of Police O'Neill, Alderman Badenoch, Assistant Chief Schuettler and a host of policemen, detectives and newspaper reporters, who recounted for the benefit of the jury, the eager, braggadocio manner in which the young murderers had told of their crimes.

Meanwhile, there was great fear in the minds of the authorities that an attempt to rescue the prisoners would be made. Anonymous letters threatening his life were sent to Jailor John L. Whitman. A man arose in court and shouted to the jury that if they brought in a verdict of "guilty," they would be assassinated, but before he could be captured he escaped from the room. The daily presence of a number of suspicious characters in the court-room, was noted by city detectives; Mrs. Niedermeier, who with Mrs. Marx, Mrs. Van Dine and Harvey's sweetheart, was a daily attendant at the trial,



shrieked and fought when efforts were made to search her before entering the court-room.

One day, a pair of scissors and a nail file were taken from her. On another day a woman friend of Van Dine was detected in the act of attempting to smuggle a file into the court-room. Armed guards paced the halls and detectives were stationed at various parts of the room, where, at a moment's notice, they could quell any attempt at rescue.

One day a magazine pistol protruded from the pocket of a bailiff seated near Niedermeier and the desperado reached for it, but the officer was too quick for him. On another occasion a pistol fell from the pocket of a policeman, and but for the prompt action of guards, Van Dine would have seized it, undoubtedly intending to make a dash for liberty.

With the fate looming up before them in ghastly outline, the bandits day by day became more panic stricken. They grew surly and disgruntled; proof even against the world-renowned methods of Jailor John L. Whitman, "Tamer of Men," a man who stands at the head of his profession, admired by criminologists, clergy, public, scientists and prisoners alike.

Even Whitman, the man for whom many of the most ignorant, desperate felons would lay down their life—



as has been shown on occasions too numerous to mention—could not purge the deviltry from these “penny slayers” of men.

In three weeks, the State had completed its case and the lawyers for Van Dine and Niedermeier began their futile attempt to show that their clients should not be hanged.

Van Dine, through his mother and a few other witnesses, attempted to show that he was an epileptic, but aside from the testimony of Mrs. Van Dine, the testimony was of the weakest character. Even her story as to the existence of insanity among Harvey's antecedents was torn to pieces by an honest, patriarchal old man from Newark, O., one Dennis Speer, who had known the family for some sixty years, who contradicted Mrs. Van Dine in most all of her statements.

Paul Niedermeier, brother of Peter, was to have testified that he slept at home with “Pete” on the night of the car-barn robbery and murders, but he deserted his relative at the last moment and the defense crumbled to dust.

On March 3, the closing argument for the prosecution was begun. Mr. Dobyms was followed by the lawyers for the defendants and on March .. the jury retired for their final verdict and in ——— minutes the



twelve men filed back into the box. A stillness as of death settled over the crowded court-room.

The three bandits, with bulging eyes and heaving breasts, their fingers in a feverish clutch on the arms of their chairs, were like so many statues typifying terror in its wildest form.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

It was the tense voice of the clerk, as he submitted the formal question.

"We have," replied the Foreman.

A bailiff walked to the speaker and took from him a document; a document which would decide the fate of the most despicable murderers that have ever faced a jury; the bailiff handed it to the clerk still folded, who opened the paper and read:

**"We, the jury, find the defendants—Peter Niedermeier, Harvey Van Dine and Gustave Marx — guilty of murder in the form and manner as charged, and fix the penalty at death."**

As the dreaded words which sounded the doom of the bandits fell from the lips of the clerk, the twelve jurors who had given two weary months of their time to the serving of outraged justice, now haggard and weary, set their jaws, and



gazed upon the culprits whose death they had decreed.

The jury had been out just twenty-two hours and ten minutes, and so intensely had they applied themselves to the grave duty imposed upon them that sleep had failed to visit their weary eyes for twenty-four long hours, and food had scarcely been tasted. Their faces were haggard and drawn; their eyes were dull, and the awful strain they had undergone told plainly upon their countenances.

The three murderers stood before Judge Kersten and faced the jury. The courtroom was thronged. As the clerk's words died away Van Dine's sallow face grew a shade paler. His hands beat nervously upon his chair. Niedermeier grinned sardonically. Marx bowed his head and his lips moved as if in prayer. The trio, no longer objects of public curiosity, no longer the subjects of maudlin sympathy on the part of morbid curious women, were led back to the big, gray jail, there to await the day when they should leave it for the last time.

When the verdict had been read, a broken-



hearted parent started forward in her chair, but she quickly regained her composure, and with a firm tread, she left the court room. The mother of one of the other bandits, for an hour after the fatal word "guilty" had been spoken, stood like a statue, seemingly unable to comprehend the fatal decision.

In another part of the city, still another mother waited for the final word; with anxious fears, hoping against hope, the news reached her.

The court tendered thanks to the jurors for their diligence, patience and fortitude.

It was only, however, after a long and exhaustive discussion that the jury made its final decision. It retired at 12:15 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, March 11th, and at once began its deliberations. Hour after hour passed, and no word came from the locked room until toward the hours of midnight when a request for further instruction was sent to Judge Kersten.

From this, it was therefore concluded by those on the outside, that the jury had disagreed on the question of clemency for Marx. After the rendering of the verdict, however, at five minutes past 10 o'clock Saturday morning, it was learned to the astonishment of the entire city, that one juror had held out in the interests of Van Dine, whom he



thought deserved consideration for refraining from murdering the wounded Edmond at the car barns.

In his cell, Emil Roeske, awaiting trial for the murder of Otto Bauder, heard the verdict in silence; but one thing he did not hear, and that was the grim voice of public sentiment:

"Now for Roeske!"

The curtain has fallen. The drama is ended; but behind the scenes, a mother, and a sweetheart, crushed and heartbroken, wrestled in bitterness and agony of spirit. Dry eyed widows and orphans, destitute and alone, enter upon a weary struggle for an existence, while within their cells, three misguided wretches await the doom that Fate has decreed for them.

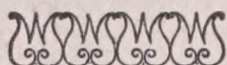
The law has demanded and received compensation; Justice has declared its sentence, and the "Automatic Gun Trio" now await the call to appear before a Higher Court,—a bar before which they must stand, self condemned, as they answer "Guilty."

FINIS.

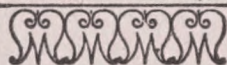


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